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Bush World: Where Nothing Can Go Worng

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE AXIS MURDERERS
– page 40

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Florence King on the Centenary of Lizzie Borden

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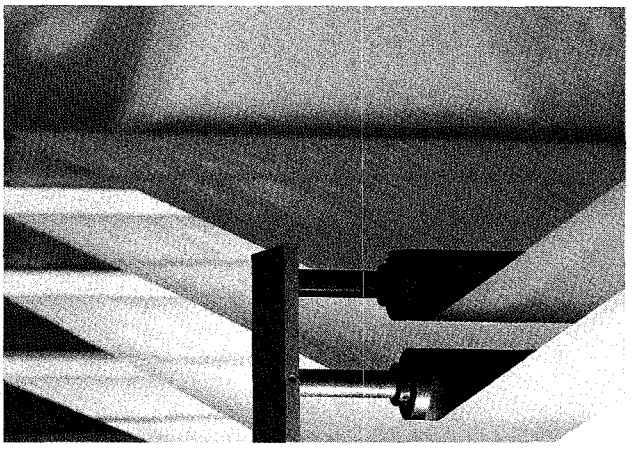

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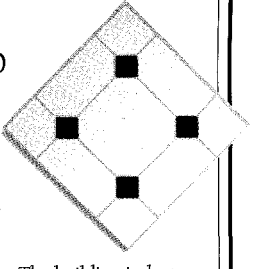

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Cover photo: Joan Crawford in* Strait-Jacket, *courtesy of Photofest.

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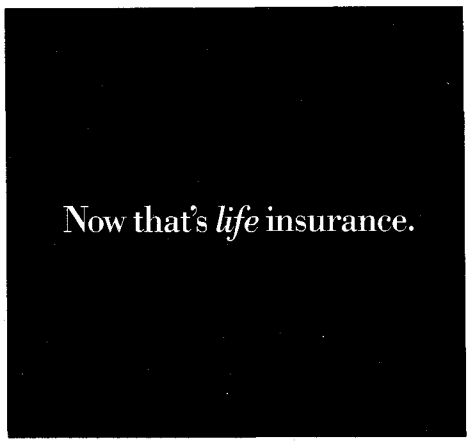

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LETTERS

Primrose Path

I must beg to differ with Dennis Prager's assessment respecting the importance of marital fidelity as a qualification for leadership ["Faithful unto Office," July 6]. I found Mr. Prager's arguments reminiscent of Machiavelli's advice to princes to endorse good and appear so in public but to be unvirtuous according to need. I disagree with these views entirely.

Fidelity is not a disqualifying factor, nor, as Mr. Prager somewhat intimated, are faithful men and women necessarily only average or poor leaders. I really think he has missed the point. A person's leadership ability is not the central issue for the voter but, rather, choosing where he wishes to be led. It isn't the words a man mouths that take a people somewhere; it is the path upon which he treads. A man cannot lead from a place he is not. It would be better to be without a leader than to have one taking us in the wrong direction.

Larry White
Metairie, La.

The Women's Circle

William McGurn left out the dénouement of the story of the women's year ["The Year of the Woman," July 6]. After all the left-leaning women candidates lose, they'll blame their losses (with full support from major media and intelligentsia) on the fact of their being *women*, not on the rejection of their liberal agendas. The circle will be complete, and the groundwork laid for further claims of the need to elect (liberal) women.

Paul Bent
Long Beach, Calif.

Sorting Out the Greenhouse Effect

Although I find the actions of many environmental advocates alarmist and disquieting, Peter Samuel's rejection of the greenhouse findings ["Fog at Foggy Bottom," May 25] cannot go unchallenged. He concludes that because greenhouse gases have increased 50 per cent in the last century, and global temperatures only 0.5°C, therefore the largest number that can be used for a CO_2 doubling is 1°C, or 40 per cent of the best-guess value of 2.5°C. He assumes a linear response between the often cited *equilibrium* value (2.5°C) and the *time-varying* value occurring in nature.

Transient greenhouse simulations to judge whether a number consistent with the equilibrium value is consistent with the observed changes have recently been done; they demonstrate that the 2.5°C equilibrium value is consistent with the observed warming of the last century, because the ocean tends to suppress the atmospheric response during the first part of a greenhouse perturbation. These same time-dependent calculations indicate that warming accelerates as the ocean comes into adjustment with the greenhouse perturbation.

Mr. Samuel also cites a recent study finding that most of the warming of the last century, and indeed the last few thousand years, can be explained by solar variability. I personally suspect that solar variability does have a good deal to do with it. However, there is a difference between twentieth-century climate trends and those of the previous millennium, and it is due to an additional forcing (CO_2). Since the ocean retards the temperature response to greenhouse forcing during approximately the first century of forcing, the greenhouse forcing is embedded in the "noise" from other processes.

At present it is very questionable whether a statistically significant greenhouse signal can really be discriminated from the climate noise. The warming of the last 15 years is, however, at the outermost edge of variability expected from other processes operating during the last millennium. We expect the transient CO_2 signal to emerge above the level of climate noise in the next 10 to 20 years, at which point the latter will only modify the secular trends due to CO_2. Calculations indicate that by the end of the next century the natural variability will have an amplitude only about one-fifth that of the CO_2 perturbation. Thus, the fact that a 0.4°C trend in this century *might* be due to solar variability (a highly debatable point) in no way diminishes the significance of the greenhouse theory.

I still believe that sufficient uncertainty in greenhouse predictions remains to necessitate caution in commitments to greenhouse-gas reductions. But my position significantly differs from that of Mr. Samuel, who attempts to discredit the greenhouse theory completely and, in his justifiable dislike of environmental extremists, adopts a counterpoint argument as invalid as theirs. What seems to be lacking is the recognition that it is possible to dislike extremists, argue for caution in the greenhouse debate, and yet admit that the scientific basis for the theory may have considerable merit.

Thomas J. Crowley
Senior Scientist
Applied Research Corporation
College Station, Tex.

Mr. Crowley accepts the major point of critics of the global-warming theory by saying no greenhouse-effect "signal" can be discerned in the climate record amidst the "noise" of other factors. With nothing of statistical significance in the climate record to support the idea of global warming, we only have speculative theory and data-free modeling simulations, which involve arbitrary assumptions about complex, poorly understood atmospheric and oceanic processes. Mr. Crowley rightly points out that I was assuming a linear relationship between greenhouse gases and temperature layer, and I was following the George Marshall Institute panel. As for the ocean-lag effect, a recent study that takes into account the mixing of oceans suggests three-fourths of the full warming effect should appear within a decade. If so, Mr. Crowley's point collapses.

The models predicting a 2.5°C increase with a doubling of CO_2 assume that increased humidity and clouds in the atmosphere will strongly reinforce the warming effect of greenhouse gases. Richard Lindzen of MIT and Robert Balling, director of the office of climatology in Arizona, say this is a crude oversimplification, possibly the opposite of reality. It depends greatly on the distribution of types of clouds generated, and there is uncertainty here too. Those demanding drastic restructuring of our economy away from carbon fuels claim an empirical basis for their theory and a scientific consensus, which Mr. Crowley and I agree do not exist. —PS

To Err Is Human

Trivial but irritating is the translation of Los Angeles as the City of Angels ["Books in Brief," June 22]. The full name is La Ciudad de Nuestra Señora, Reina de los Angeles. It is named for Our Lady, Queen of the Angels, not for the angels. No offense, Gabriel, Michael.

John Cody
Pittsford, N.Y.

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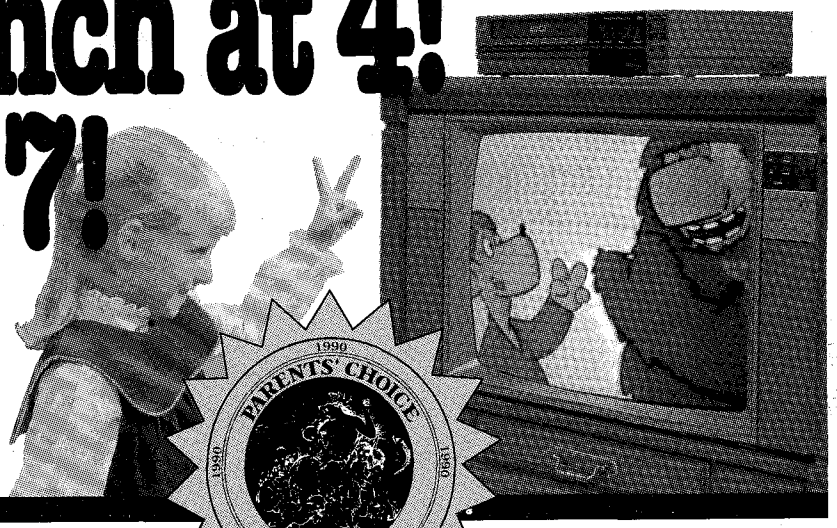

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FROM THE EDITOR

Blinkmanship

■ Far from basking in the afterglow of Desert Storm, Mr. Bush is in political peril on the present Iraqi crisis—and, of course, on everything else too.

Consider his options:

He huffs and puffs but ultimately does nothing. That would make Bill Clinton look strong by giving him the chance to "back" the President during the crisis, while making Mr. Bush look weak when the crisis ended with Saddam Hussein still running Iraq and pulling funny faces at Washington.

He claims the last (or the next) compromise with Saddam as a victory. Given that any compromise with Saddam must be a defeat (since it would soften the terms of Iraq's surrender), that would have all the above disadvantages as well as making Mr. Bush look shifty. Also, he would spend the next 15 weeks worrying lest Saddam stage another provocation that left him looking an indisputable dupe.

He launches a punitive raid. Brave but pointless. Unless Saddam is killed accidentally in the course of bombing—and that still seems more likely than his being killed deliberately—little will have changed. Saddam Hussein will still be pulling funny faces, Bill Clinton will be sounding like John Wayne on PCP, and Mr. Bush will look ineffectual three days later.

Well, I will say it: we told you so. In the aftermath of Desert Storm, NATIONAL REVIEW repeatedly warned that the U.S. policy of relying on an internal Iraqi coup to topple Saddam was a grievous mistake likely to cause future crises. Fifteen months ago, we wrote: "He'll be back; we'll regret it. And this time we put him there."

So pay attention to our advice now.

As long as the crisis continues, Mr. Bush will be Commander-in-Chief to Bill Clinton's Me-Too candidate. But as soon as the crisis ends, the postmortem will begin: Why did the Administration cozy up to Saddam until the invasion of Kuwait? Why did we halt the war with Saddam still in power? Why did we allow him to use helicopters, contrary to the terms of the ceasefire, to crush the Kurdish and Shia rebellions?

Mr. Bush's obvious interest is that the crisis extend past the election.

That should not be hard to arrange. All he need do is demand that the ceasefire terms be fully implemented by Saddam, while building up U.S. forces in the Gulf and mounting the occasional raid to show he really means business.

Mr. Bush would then have a chance of defeating Bill Clinton—and as an afterthought, Saddam Hussein too.

■ In Waugh's *Decline and Fall*, when Captain Grimes disgraced his regiment, he was left in the mess with a revolver and a bottle of whisky. The gentleman's way out beckoned.

It was ignored, for Grimes was no gentleman. His fellow officers heard a shot, rushed in—and found Grimes dead drunk and wounded in the foot.

No one has yet suggested that Vice President Quayle should be left in the White House mess with a revolver and a bottle of whisky. Maybe it's felt that Mr. Quayle can shoot himself in the foot while perfectly sober.

Or perhaps politics is not a game for gentlemen. Among Cabinet members, only Treasury Secretary Brady looks as if he would do the decent thing when handed gun and Glenfiddich—and the experiment should certainly be tried. As for the rest:

Jack Kemp would drink the whisky and shoot Richard Darman.

Mr. Darman would drink the whisky and shoot the rest of the Cabinet.

HHS Secretary Louis Sullivan would refuse to drink the whisky on health grounds just before shooting himself with the revolver.

James Baker would persuade the President to drink the whisky, to write a will naming him as successor, and to commit suicide with the revolver.

On present form, Mr. Bush might do just that even without Jim Baker's persuasion. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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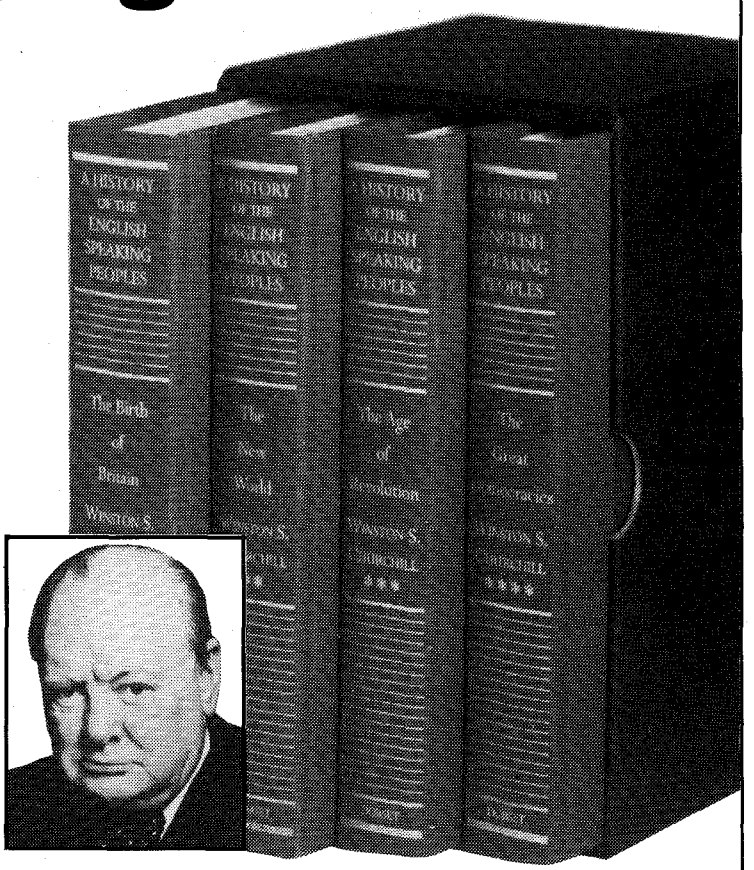
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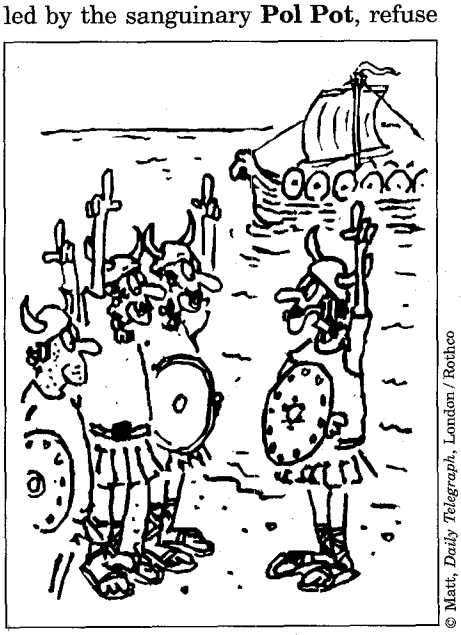
FOR THE RECORD

■ Good news, bad news as **George Bush**'s campaign team comes up to the Houston Convention: rumors about **Dan Quayle** and **James Baker** had pushed the presidential-preference polls out of top headlines. . . . Quayle comments tended to divide on intra-party lines. Republican pro-choicer **Ann Stone** said: "It may be the thing for [Quayle] to do, to go to the President and offer to step down, because I don't think you're going to get George Bush to ask him." Conservative **Richard Viguerie** counters: "People are not angry at Dan Quayle. They're angry at George Bush." . . . Campaign chiefs waited till last minute to invite **Jack Kemp** and **William Bennett** to Houston, but **Pat Buchanan** was going to be there regardless. A full-page ad in *Human Events*, taken out by "Buchanan for President, Convention Planning," invites conservatives to join Buchanan as, "following in the tradition of Senator **Barry Goldwater** and President **Ronald Reagan**," he promotes "traditional, conservative ideals." Latest reports are that Buchanan will have a formal role.

■ *Newsweek*/**Gallup** poll showed Bush going from a narrow lead pre–Democratic Convention—32 to **Bill Clinton**'s 31 and **Ross Perot**'s 28—to a 22-point deficit post-Convention—37, versus 59 for Clinton. Latest Gallup shows slight narrowing: Bush 37, Clinton 55. . . . How do these stack up against past years' polls? In 1988, **Michael Dukakis** was leading Bush 55 to 38 following Democratic Convention. His lead had slipped to 49 to 42 before the GOP convention; after it, positions were reversed: Bush 48, Dukakis 44. Final vote: Bush 54, Dukakis 46. . . . In 1984, **Walter Mondale** entered his convention trailing **Ronald Reagan** 37 to 56; he left it leading 48 to 46. By September, Mondale lead had widened, to 55 to 40. Then came the second debate. Final vote: Reagan 58, Mondale 41. . . . In 1980, early polls had Reagan with 39, to **Jimmy Carter**'s 31 and **John Anderson**'s 21. Following Conventions, Carter pulled nearly even, with 38 to Reagan's 39 and Anderson's 14. Final vote: Reagan 51, Carter 41, Anderson 7. . . . In 1976, Carter led **Gerald Ford** 62 to 29 following Democratic Convention; his lead later shrank to 49 to 39. Then Ford gave away Poland. Final vote: Carter 51, Ford 48.

■ Although redistricting will generally help GOP candidates this fall, it has endangered freshman Rep. **James Nussle** (R., Iowa). Nussle made splash in House when he put a paper bag over his head and called on fellow representatives to "take the mask off" on the House Bank scandal. But after redistricting Nussle is battling veteran Democrat **David Nagle**. . . . In Virginia, creation of a new district has helped **Henry Butler**, a **Phil Gramm**–style moderate conservative. Butler won the nomination over four rivals, including **Andrew Schlafly**, son of **Phyllis**. Butler's unsuccessful GOP rivals have all endorsed him.

■ UN peace plan for Cambodia is near collapse because Khmer Rouge, still led by the sanguinary **Pol Pot**, refuse to lay down arms. Pol Pot has offered bounties for shooting down UN aircraft; seven have been hit so far. . . . Radio Moscow will soon be beaming *anti*-Communist broadcasts to Cambodia's neighbor, Vietnam. According to *U.S. News & World Report*, **Boris Yeltsin** wanted to rent out the powerful shortwave radio, and Vietnamese refugees in U.S. took him up on it. . . . Russia has called on Western mining interests to help restore the country's gold industry. Government is planning to mint the first Russian gold pieces since the 1920s; some would be used to pay wages in regions with acute cash shortages. . . . Heritage Foundation has announced it will open Moscow office later this year in the former HQ of CPSU. Office director will be **Jeffrey Gayner**, Heritage's veteran counselor for international affairs. . . . **François Mitterrand**, responding to outburst of guilt over Vichy government, has decreed that tomb of Marshal **Pétain** on the Ile d'Yeu off Bordeaux will no longer be decorated with a wreath on Armistice Day, November 11. . . . Much anger in South Africa over ANC's Youth League, which held a mock trial of **F. W. de Klerk** and **Mangosuthu Buthelezi** in Cape Town. De Klerk and Buthelezi were both given "life sentences for apartheid crimes." ANC refused to apologize: spokesman **Saki Macozoma** said the trial was simply a "piece of theater, but it does indicate what people feel." Shades of **Ice-T**.



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"All those in favor of pillaging . . ."

■ National Journalism Center is accepting applications for fall internship. Session starts Sept. 21; deadline for applications: Sept. 4. For info, contact **Stan Evans**, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline** at 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002. . . . Defense fund has been started for **Cap Weinberger**, latest victim of **Lawrence Walsh**. Checks may be made out to Caspar W. Weinberger Legal Defense Trust Fund and sent to **Michael I. Burch** at 2101 Wilson Blvd., Suite 1001, Arlington, Va. 22201; phone: 703-841-0012.

■ Last word on **Perot** candidacy was also the first word: "Since 1968 there have been all these theories that I was running for this, that, or the other. This country has enough problems without inflicting me on it."—H. Ross Perot, March 2, 1987.

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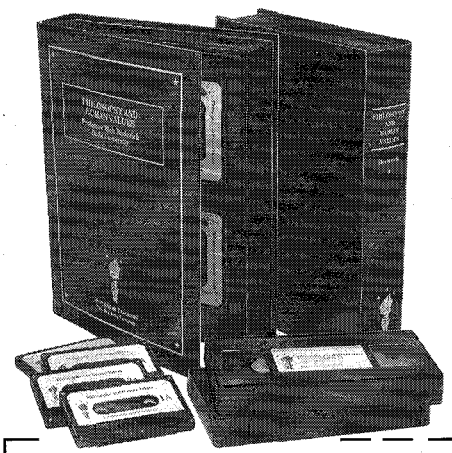

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THE WEEK

■ Bill Clinton is vigorously denying Administration charges that he's a liberal, which means he is. The question is why the Bush Administration only opposes liberals at four-year intervals.

■ One unilateral move the White House ought to consider would be to name as "recess appointments" the 75 or so judicial nominees now gathering dust before the Senate Judiciary Committee. Under the Constitution, the President may make such appointments during certain recesses of the Senate, and they are effective until the end of the following session of Congress (January 3, 1994). As late as Lyndon Johnson's Presidency "recess appointments" were common. The benefits of such a strategy would be a) to expose the dilatory tactics of the Committee; b) to emphasize the issue of judicial selection in the presidential campaign; and c) to draw more closely the connection between Bill Clinton and an unpopular Democratic Congress.

■ Let's look on the bright side. If Mr. Clinton is elected in November, he should have at least two or three opportunities to nominate Supreme Court Justices. One of these nominations may well be Professor Laurence Tribe of the Harvard Law School. Now, wouldn't that confirmation be fun to watch?

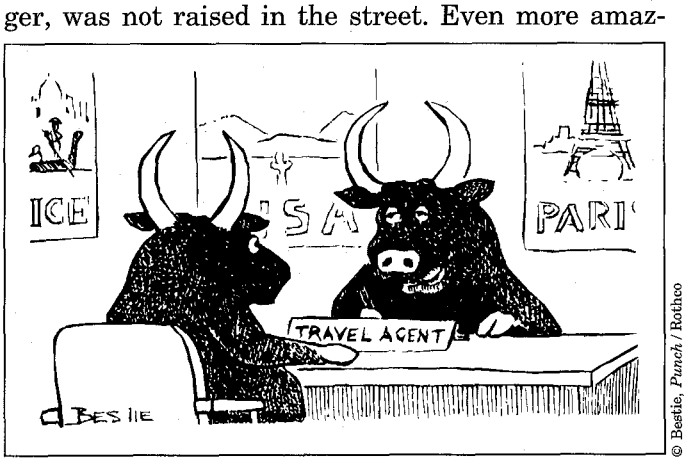
■ By the time you read this, Representative Dick Armey (R., Tex.) may have already offered his amendment to the Neighborhood Schools Improvement Act, HR-4323. Armey wants to restore provisions for school choice, which were removed from the bill by Democrats at the behest of the teachers' lobby—without much of a fight from Education Secretary Lamar Alexander. The vote will be the only one on school choice in the House this election year, the only chance to show that Mr. Alexander is wrong—that there *is* a difference between Bush and Clinton on education. Every poll shows strong voter support for school choice. If the White House doesn't fight for Mr. Armey's amendment, Mr. Bush will forfeit yet another winning issue.

■ Next time you complain about some negative-campaign ad on TV, reflect that you may have helped pay for it. You may, or you may not. Fortunately for the politician involved, you will not be able to say for sure; and for *that* you may thank the Democrats. An amendment came before the Senate that would have required all publicly funded political ads to carry an on-screen or voice-over warning, along the lines of: THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT WAS PAID FOR IN PART WITH TAXPAYER DOLLARS. Every Republican present that day voted to sustain, while all the Democrats but two voted to kill the amendment. Some things the public has no right to know.

■ Jim Baker's predicted return to the White House, as *de facto* chief of staff as well as campaign czar, has pluses and minuses for President Bush. Baker's decisiveness would impose discipline on a drifting, mediocre campaign. Baker is also reputed to be able to tell the President bad news. The question is whether Baker's advice to the President will go to the heart of the problem. What Mr. Bush needs above all is philosophical stiffening, some ideological backbone to delegitimize the liberals' programs instead of me-tooing them. Is Baker, the arch-"pragmatist," the man to do this? Baker's political acumen and hunger to win may lead him to overcome his reflexive aversion to principle. A true pragmatist would see its utility now—indeed its necessity.

■ When George Bush told protestors to "sit down and shut up," the press jumped all over him. But the President's response had a nice ring of authority to it. We recommend using it more often in the company of Messrs. Mitchell, Foley, et al.

■ At the Democratic Convention it was Jesse Jackson, as usual, who took the lead in giving the Bible new relevance to our time: "Even as we spurn the homeless on the street, remember, Jesus was born to a homeless couple, outdoors. . . . He was a child of a single mother." Some mistake, surely. Mary and Joseph were espoused, and Christ's conception, however unusual, was supremely legitimate. Though they couldn't find a room on their visit to Bethlehem, Joseph was a respectable tradesman and surely had a house in Nazareth; Jesus, though born in a manger, was not raised in the street. Even more amaz-



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ingly, in attacking Dan Quayle's defense of family values Jackson said: "If Mary had aborted the baby, she would have been called immoral." Only at the 1992 Democratic Convention would a mention of the Incarnation turn at once to the topic of the Virgin Mary's "right to choose." It seems not to occur to Reverend Jackson that the abortion he envisions would have aborted the Redemption he is *ex officio* supposed to believe in, thereby incidentally limiting the job opportunities for reverends down the line. But it seems that the Bible, like the Constitution, is a "living document," and may be rewritten in order to keept it abreast of the progressive agenda.

■ Quayle's opposition to abortion, incidentally, led Reverend Jackson to denounce him as the Herod of our day—Herod being known for his strong opposition to the Slaughter of the Innocents.

■ The decade of greed was a pretty good one for minorities, it seems. Median black household income rose 84 per cent between 1980 and 1989, to $19,758, while white houshold income rose 68 per cent over the same period, according to the Census Bureau. Asians—the nation's best-educated racial group—had the highest median income at the decade's end: $36,784. There is always a "but," of course: The gains left black households with only 63 per cent of the income of their white counterparts. Is this Reaganomics? Racism? No—it's Rubbish. The median income of intact black families, for example, was at 84 per cent of their white counterparts, while the median for college-educated blacks was 86 per cent that of college-educated whites. Unfortunately, the number of intact black families fell last decade, while those headed by women expanded by nearly one-third. A still-too-large black/white income gap is inevitable as long as these trends persist.

■ That transatlantic clanking and cursing you hear is the Deutsche Mark chain gang blundering on. Germany's central bank raised interest rates late last month. That's all very well for the German economy, which is showing signs of inflation after the money supply was expanded to replace East German Marks one for one. But it's very bad for Britain, France, and Italy, whose economies are already in recession. Under the terms of the Exchange Rate Mechanism, however, they are all dragged into raising interest rates to maintain their currencies' fixed relationship with the D-Mark. The most obvious lesson for the U.S. to draw from this weird spectacle: the necessity of freely floating exchange rates. Of course, the U.S. is not likely (as far as we know) to attach itself permanently to any other currency, although even Republican treasury secretaries have been known at times to decree that currently prevailing exchange rates are unacceptable. But there are those who advocate a new Bretton Woods agreement, imposing fixed exchange rates regardless of the burden on the world's real economies. To adapt President Kennedy: Let them go to Bonn—or, more precisely, London and Milan.

■ AIDS alarmists meeting recently in Amsterdam were glum—curiously, since rates of infection are declining for all ages and risk groups. In the U.S., there was no increase of AIDS infection among either homosexuals or hemophiliacs between 1990 and 1991, and the number of pediatric AIDS cases declined from 693 to 596. The much-publicized teen AIDS "epidemic"—the raison d'être for condoms in the cafeterias—infected 160 teens nationwide in 1991, down from 170 in 1990. What's an AIDS activist to do? Invent a new class of victims. Feminists and AIDS activists are now hyping the AIDS infection rate among women. Surgeon General Antonia Novello, in the tradition of her predecessor, C. Everett Koop, is "alarmed" by the increasing incidence of AIDS among women. Media accounts depict all women at risk, with moms in the suburbs as likely to be sticken with AIDS as they are to be frustrated with the kids. In fact, the federal Centers for Disease Control report that out of the 206,000 AIDS cases in the U.S., roughly 10 per cent are women—and the great majority of those cases are drug-related. There was an increase in female AIDS cases between 1990 and 1991, but the infection incidence increased at half the rate of the year before. Like all epidemics, AIDS has peaked and is trending down—with the decline in the female rate lagging behind the decline in the male rate. Why are people so reluctant to welcome this good news?

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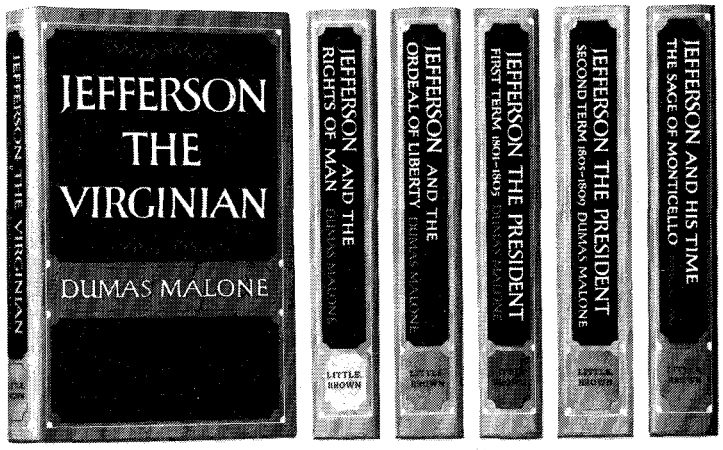

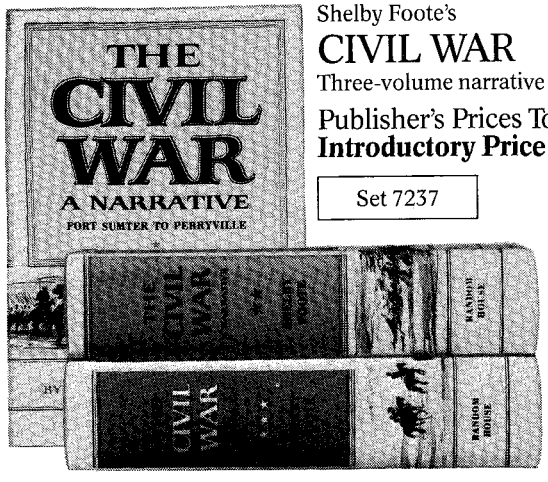

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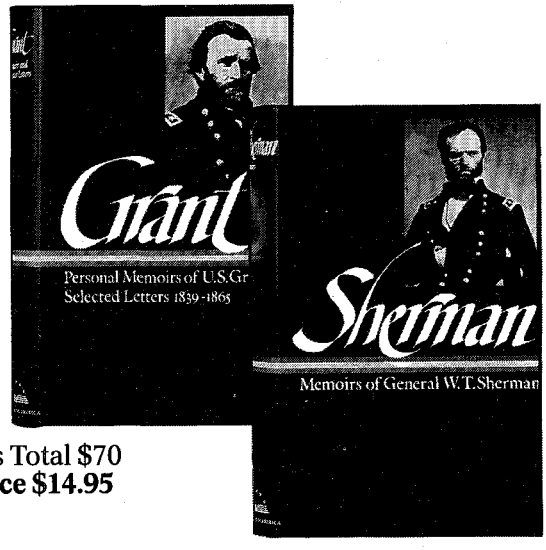

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paign explaining voter revolt: the gradual transformation of a friendly smiley face into a menacing scowly face as it looks upon various quasi-tragedies that have rocked the nation in the last four years. Between the nervous smile when the Keating Five are let off the hook and the tensing scowl when unemployment hits a nine-year high comes the shocked "O" when—*quelle horreur*—Clarence Thomas wins a seat on the Supreme Court. How did Thomas come to rate with increased unemployment in the sentiments of the American people, when polls showed him with 60 per cent support? Well, *Time* is a news magazine, so it reports the country as it sees it. *Time* executives may have consulted *Time* reporters, who didn't know anyone who supported Clarence Thomas. And that's the way it was.

■ On June 30, the Board of Trustees of the North American Unitarian Universalist Church joined the stampede that includes ACT-UP, Queer Nation, the ACLU, the San Francisco branch of the United Way, Levi Strauss, BankAmerica, and Wells Fargo Bank by denouncing the Boy Scouts of America for their refusal to allow admitted homosexuals and atheists to be scouts or troop leaders. The Unitarians instructed their Department of Religious Education to highlight the Scouts' "objectionable policies." About what you'd expect from a denomination dedicated to the belief that there is, at most, one God.

■ We note that over the weekend an abortionist was arrested for child molesting. But isn't that their profession?

■ The latest threat to the survival of the planet, according to Worldwatch Institute, which never misses one, is shopping malls. Because people buy stuff and that ruins the earth. See?

Happy Birthday

Sound the trumpets, start to shout,
Get the news from here to Haiti;
Sing the happy message out:
"Milton Friedman's turning eighty!"

Some will cry that they've been had.
Are there doubters? Yessir, plenty,
Doubting that this beamish lad
Really is three score and twenty.

To those poor benighted folk
I say simply: "To be truthful
Age to Milton's just a joke—
Every year he gets more youthful."

He gets younger, Rose does too;
I must say they're awfully clever.
So their friends (and they ain't few)
Now expect they'll live forever.

Lives of great men in their day
Leave their footprints as our guides;
Milton's steps, I'd have to say,
Rank with Big Foot's massive strides.

And that foot roams far and wide
Searching, finding, smiting error;
Lectures, books—and on the side,
On the telly, he's a terror!

Standards high for all to see,
He preached Money, Markets, Lunches.
Most of all (God bless him!) he
Stood for Freedom in the crunches.

FRANK O'CONNELL

Dropping the Co-Pilot?

THIS MAGAZINE has long felt that Vice President Quayle was a much more capable leader than he was given credit for. His courage in championing conservative positions inside the government has often put others—including his boss—to shame. He would, on the available record, have made a good President. Our opinion of him as a class act has only gained by the news—first unearthed by our ace cub reporter, William F. Buckley Jr.—that he gallantly offered to take his name off the ticket in order to help his party.

We regret having to say this, but we think that Mr. Quayle's offer should have been accepted. We respect the President's loyalty in refusing it, but we share the conclusion of many Republicans that the ticket would be strengthened by replacing Dan Quayle. The Vice President's lightweight public reputation, while wholly undeserved, is beyond repair. It has been concocted by the liberal media from a few gaffes which would pass unnoticed in other political leaders—witness Governor Clinton's grammatical slips and Biblical misquotations in his Convention speech, and Reverend Jackson's farrago of nonsense about the Virgin Mary, which the press actually applauded. But Mr. Quayle's reputation is also a political fact. He is a liability at a time when a strong ticket is indispensable if a Democratic victory is to be averted.

The conventional wisdom is that dropping Mr. Quayle would be seen as a humiliating admission of error, and that President Bush would be pilloried for his repeated endorsements of the Vice President. We disagree. Certainly there would be criticisms of the President's judgment—a week of needling, after

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which attention would switch to Mr. Quayle's replacement. If he were a strong choice, then the news would be positive and the impact lasting—compound interest every day on the fresh and authoritative face, with the Quayle issue a rapidly wasting asset for the Democrats.

A second myth is that conservatives would have a fit of pique if Mr. Quayle were dropped. There would certainly be regret and sympathy and the feeling that his loyalty and service had been poorly repaid. But necessity is the mother of unfairness. And conservative reactions would be determined, above all else, by who replaced him. If the replacement was a qualified individual of sound principles, we would support the change, understanding why it was made. Most conservatives would do the same.

A third myth, or half-truth, is that the problem is not the bottom of the ticket but the top. We accept the point—see our editorial pages in almost every issue since last December. We criticize Mr. Bush elsewhere in this issue for his passivity and drift on a range of issues. But he is hardly likely to drop himself—and no one else has the power to drop him. A new ticket can only mean a new vice-presidential candidate. George Bush accompanied by, say, Jack Kemp, Dick Cheney, or Bill Bennett would stand out immediately as a team of experienced veterans, in contrast to the callow yuppies on the other side.

In one respect, moreover, a replacement must be a worthy successor to Mr. Quayle. Every consideration, practical and philosophical, requires that he be a conservative trusted by conservatives.

Mr. Bush himself has yet to persuade conservatives that he should be granted a second term. We look forward to his Convention speech, when he will presumably attempt to do so. We don't expect all our reservations to be answered, or our support to be unqualified. But reservations and qualifications will be beside the point if the Republican ticket is doomed from the start. Sadly, the present Republican ticket looks as if it may be. We will be gratified to be proved wrong.

Iranamok

THE NAME of George Bush has not turned up in any of the rumors about the Iran–Contra Independent Counsel's new pursuit of miscreants. Even so, the issue is close to confronting him with one of the hardest decisions of his Presidency.

The *Washington Post* reports that the independent prosecutors are seriously considering indictments of Ronald Reagan, George Shultz, Edwin Meese, and Donald Regan for an alleged conspiracy to cover up details of the transfer of missiles to Iran.

As we have pointed out before, the prosecutors have abandoned indicting people for the main offense; they no longer even make the argument that there *was* a "main offense" in the sense of an illegal conspiracy to divert funds to the Contras. Now they go after peripheral offenses in which they have a parochial interest, like impeding prosecutors. The pursuit of Cap Weinberger and now possibly George Shultz involves the added cynicism of prosecuting individuals who were *against* the whole project. Ed Meese uncovered the diversion of funds to the Contras and revealed it to the public; Don Regan knew nothing about it. Indeed, the new conspiracy theory arises out of *Israeli* shipments of arms in which we had acquiesced, and out of White House meetings in November 1986 in which these gentlemen *remained silent* while National Security Advisor John Poindexter recounted the U.S. involvement without mentioning the Israeli transfers.

The indictment of Weinberger, one of the West's heroes in the victory over Communism, is already an obscenity. Any further indictments along these lines would prompt an explosion of anger. George Bush has it in his power to halt this travesty—either by firing Lawrence Walsh, Craig Gillen, and all their junior G-men, or by granting blanket pardons to all concerned. In the latter case he would have to make it unmistakably clear that this method of closing down the office of witchfinder general implied no guilt on the part of his victims.

Such a bold step would be denounced by the Democratic Congress and the liberal media as everything from cronyism to obstruction of justice. But if the President shrinks from protecting the honor of decent men to whom he owes his career, then he would confirm the worst fears of conservatives. Even more, such timidity would reinforce his present image as a leader paralyzed and without convictions. That would surely be worse than facing up to his enemies on behalf of his friends.

The Other Women

FOR SOME MONTHS now we've been told that this is the year of the woman. At Madison Square Garden the Democrats bought it hook, line, and sinker. But it comes as a surprise that the Bush campaign has swallowed it as well. This conclusion is suggested by the selection of Labor Secretary Lynn Martin to deliver the nominating speech at the Republican Convention.

Now, we have nothing against women in politics; Mrs. Thatcher has always been a favorite of ours. Our problem with Secretary Martin is not her sex but her substance.

For starters, she calls to mind the biggest problem with Bushies: they don't win. A liberal-to-moderate

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Republican representative, she got her position in the Cabinet the Bush way: she was clobbered in her Senate race. At the 1988 Convention, moreover, she was one of the moles trying to get the Republicans to water down their pro-life language. And today, as head of the Labor Department, she remains the biggest obstacle to implementing the *Beck* decision on refunding union dues spent on political campaigns—something that might actually win George Bush some votes this fall.

What the press really means is that this is the year of the liberal woman. For this reason you won't see any mention of Pam Roach in Washington, Linda Bean in Maine, Donna Peterson in Texas, Joan Milke Flores in California, or Rachel Gilbert in Idaho, all of whom are conservative and pro-life and all of whom have already triumphed in their primaries (except Pam Roach, who is expected to win).

The addition of any of these to the House would make it more difficult for Pat Schroeder and her clones to claim to represent American women. But these GOP challengers badly need the campaign contributions that would flow in with exposure on national TV during the Republican Convention. By all means let's get some women out there on the podium. But doesn't it make more sense for the party to pick women who have been winning by supporting the Republican platform than women who have been losing by running away from it?

Small Bad Wolf

WASHINGTON'S little political pigs have already forgotten that the 1992 presidential campaign drew forth a Big Bad Wolf who looked very likely to blow their house down. Mr. Perot huffed and puffed up a storm. But, like an inverted Bill Clinton, he never exhaled.

A good thing too, judging by the so-called economic plan subsequently leaked to the media by Perot aides. This depressing document proposes to balance the federal budget by massive tax increases accompanied by sizable but distinctly smaller spending cuts. With exceptions like a gasoline tax, both increases and cuts showed a pronounced redistributive tic. Thus, for example, the "wealthy" were to be deprived of tax shelters like unlimited mortgage-interest deductibility—as well as Social Security cost-of-living payments. And, in a giant step toward fiscal stabilization, business-entertainment deductions were to be reduced. Sounds like Jimmy Carter's *jihad* against the three-martini lunch? Maybe that's because the Perot plan was largely designed by a Carter budget official, John P. White.

Perot people seem to be actually proud of their work. Indeed, it has received admiring notices from Washington's piglocrat publicists ("serious, honest"—Michael Kinsley, *Washington Post*). Not surprising. Perotism's function, it now seems clear, would have been to translate voter alienation into a form acceptable to the political establishment. The real economic issue is not the deficit but the government's share of GNP. By showing how to finance so much of it through increased taxes, Perot was clearing the way for further encroachments later.

On the Brink/Blink

IRAQ'S willingness to allow an emasculated UN inspection team (excluding Americans and Brits) into the Agriculture Ministry in Baghdad defused a July crisis, but only postponed the day of reckoning. After all the delays, no one now expects to find any of the weapons-related materials or documents suspected to have been in the building; the Iraqis have had ample time to sneak them out. Thus, Iraq's "concession" to the principle of UN access does not solve the main problem, which is the inspectors' inability to strip Iraq of its unconventional-weapons capability. The victorious coalition seems to have impeded Saddam's exotic-weapons programs, but we will have no assurance so long as Saddam is in power. Thus the clear failure of the Bush Administration's "limited" war aims, which sought to reduce the Iraqi threat without changing its rulers.

The Administration seems determined, however, not to let Saddam off the hook. Soon there will be two U.S. aircraft carriers in the Mediterranean, with a third near the Persian Gulf. Secretary Baker is finally to meet with Iraqi opposition leaders, including Kurds and both Shiite and Sunni Muslims, signaling our rejection of the regime's legitimacy. Military actions may well accomplish useful objectives such as destroying important military, technological, or political targets. They may delay and obstruct Saddam's rearmament programs. But if they do no more than that we will be faced by an endless series of crises arranged at the whim of the Iraqi dictator. No military or political program makes sense that does not have as its aim the replacement of Saddam Hussein by a more tractable regime.

What about the political fallout at home? If President Bush takes action, the number of people who applaud it may be canceled out by the number that see it as a cynical ploy. At best, it will be a wash. In such a situation, the smartest politics is to do the right thing—whatever inflicts the most effective blow to Saddam and his power—and to trust in the good judgment of the American people. Strong action with a clear aim will deserve support—and will have ours. Half-measures have already failed.

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Go East, America

AMERICA is a Pacific power. The Japanese know this. The Chinese know it. The Soviets knew it, which is why they were so keen on Vietnam and the Cam Ranh Bay Naval Base (built by the United States). Indeed, the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, the premier magazine of the region, recently editorialized on the riots in Los Angeles under the headline, "Eastern Pacific Troubles." America itself often seem to be the only one that does not recognize its critical interests in a part of the earth that accounts for half the world's population and a third of its trade.

In spite of the headlines generated by a petulant Manila intelligentsia, sentiment among the people throughout Asia is overwhelmingly for a stronger American role. They believe that America is the only power that can be trusted in the region because it is the only one without expansionist tendencies. As the former prime minister of Singapore, Lee Kuan Yew, put it, the alternative to a dominant America in Asia is an Asia subordinate to the Japanese, Chinese, or Russians.

None of these alternatives would give us a stable Asia conducive to overall peace and prosperity in the world. Three of the four tigers (Taiwan, Singapore, and South Korea) depend on the United States for their largest market. Taiwan and South Korea depend on the United States for their defense. Following the withdrawal from Subic Bay in the Philippines, Singapore has offered itself as a base for the American fleet; and Hong Kong now looks to the U.S., not Britain, as the best guarantor of its *de facto* independence after 1997. Even Japan, dependent as it is on oil imports, recognizes that a strong Seventh Fleet remains a necessary condition for trade and the mutual enrichment that comes with it.

The other ingredient is an American commitment to supporting GATT's aim of a free trading order. Most American effort is wasted on the futile and potentially explosive use of trade sanctions to get Japan to open its markets. Instead of playing into protectionist hands, Washington would do better to underscore support for GATT with positive bilateral initiatives: pushing for Taiwan's entry into GATT and preventing the emergence of a hostile, Tokyo-dominated trade bloc. In an Asia where Hong Kong, Singapore, and Taiwan all enjoyed bilateral free trade with the U.S., Japan would be forced either to acquiesce or to retreat into an inefficient and ultimately self-defeating Robinson Crusoe economy. Were Washington to couple this initiative with free-trade arrangements with the newly emerging East European nations, it would simultaneously quash any protectionist hopes held by the mandarins of the European Community.

None of these measures imposes new spending burdens. None of them requires special acts of generosity. What they do demand is an America that knows its interests in an integrated world and realizes that the price for having no policy is forever reacting to the policies chosen by rivals and foes.

Art, Ideas, and Ice-T

FACED WITH public outrage over "Cop Killer," Gerald M. Levin, president of Time-Warner, extruded the following solemnities in the *Wall Street Journal*: " 'Cop Killer' wasn't written to advocate an assault by black street kids on the police. It doesn't incite or glorify violence."

Mr. Levin went on to say: "Whatever the medium—print, film, video, programing, or music—we believe that the worth of what an artist or journalist has to say does not depend on pre-approval from a government official or a corporate censor or a cultural elite of the right or of the left. . . .

"Time-Warner is determined to be a global force for encouraging the confrontation of ideas."

Mr. Levin is plainly out of his depth. He implies that it's equally wrong for a "government official" or a "corporate censor" to intercept the flow of artistic inspiration. But these are radically different things. When the state does not prohibit a book or recording, it does not thereby select, finance, and publish it. It merely steps aside and allows others to do so. But Time-Warner committed its wealth and judgment to recording and promoting Ice-T. "Cop Killer" is Time-Warner's *choice*, not its obligation.

Mr. Levin strains to create the impression that the corporation somehow had no choice, that it would have been repressing "ideas" if it had decided to sponsor a different product instead. He tries to make "Cop Killer" sound meritorious, while denying that Time-Warner bears any responsibility for what it says or for any results it may have in the street.

Ice-T isn't Keats, and "Cop Killer" isn't an exercise in negative capability. At best, is a cynical money-making exercise in shock tactics, at worst incitement to murder. If Time-Warner wants to get rich off it, let it do so without pretending it's enriching the realm of ideas at the same time.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Toward a Definition of Conservatism*

The difficulty in defining "conservatism" derives primarily from its frequent use as the defense either of

*Written for Macmillan's *The Encyclopedia of the Future.*

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the status quo or of the status quo ante. Thus "conservatives" in the Kremlin meant those who wished to return to Stalinist practices. Moreover, in parts of the world (e.g., Latin America), the word had no ideological overtones. It was in the United States that conservatism crystallized with a meaning that pretty well overtook competing meanings. What caused this transformation was the heavy emphasis of libertarianism, instantly distinguishing conservatism from its association with the nineteenth-century social and economic standpattism of the British.

The conservatives in the United States began to rally during the New Deal years (1933–45). Their reaction was against the centralizing tendencies of what in America came to be known as "liberalism." Up until about the time of the First World War, liberalism was generally used to designate the doctrine that expanded individual liberty; and liberty was generally understood to describe protections from the legendary oppressor of the individual. Thus Woodrow Wilson's famous, "the history of liberty is a history of resistance. The history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it." The tendency of New Deal liberals was to think of problems in the macrocosmic mode, fit subjects for government reform. Thus, in comprehensive ways, "liberal" government undertook to mobilize the state to combat virtually all social problems including unemployment, agricultural distress, a shortage of electricity, and illiteracy.

Conservatism sought to abide by what is widely known as the rule of "subsidiarity." It asserts that a social problem that can be handled by the private sector should not be taken over by the public sector; and that a problem that can be handled by a lesser unit of the public sector must not be given to a more central unit. Thus, e.g., the care of children of working mothers should be a private responsibility, to be handled where possible by churches or other private associations; only if this is not possible should the responsibility be taken by the township; and only if this is not possible, by the state. Last of all, by the Federal Government.

The vision of conservatism is non-eschatological. Unlike, e.g., socialism or Marxism, it has never conceived of redemptive ends implicit in its conventions. Most conservatives are men and women who have a religious faith, and they reserve their vision of ultimates for extraterrestrial phenomena. It is for that reason that conservatism has been marked mostly by negative importunities against human inclinations, as is the case with the Decalogue, and with the Constitution, both of which emphasize that which ought not to be done.

The conservative believes that the threat is endemic and historically insistent, of the omnipotent state. And that as a state acquires power, so the individual loses it. For that reason it is presumptively against state action, but always allowing for the rebuttability of presumption, which is a logical rule. Conservatism believes also that in free circumstances, the social sector will mobilize to satisfy felt economic needs. During the twentieth century, conservatism addressed its Achilles' heel, unemployment, with special emphasis, developing knowledge and insights that dispelled any probability of unemployment on the scale during the 1930s. Conservatism was especially alert during the years of the cold war to urge that the protection of national sovereignty, and within it of individual liberty, justified enormous corporate sacrifices, and justified also a nuclear deterrent.

The philosophical postulates of conservatism have to do with human equality narrowly defined. The doctrine acknowledges that all men are brothers, and that for this reason the law must not distinguish in its treatment of any human being: especially, conservatism sought to sever any malformed ties between it and slavery and slavery's residue under Jim Crow. But the doctrine held that within the bounds of equal protection under the law, conservatism was obliged to respect vast differences in individual abilities, and resist any temptation at Procrusteanization via, e.g., affirmative action that gave special consideration to special minorities, or confiscatory taxation that sought to level for the sake of leveling. The metaphysics of conservatism were always a source of contention among conservative theorists, some of them inclining toward Edmund Burke in insisting that metaphysics was extra-political and something of a danger to sensible, empirical thought. Conservatism does not attempt to solve problems it can't solve. It is only to this extent that conservatism can be said to be metaphysical. It presupposes limitations in human nature readily understandable to Christians who believe in original sin, otherwise deducible by non-Christian conservatives who study the history of mankind. They know that the propensity to self-indulgence must be denied. And correspondingly, the state must be denied not such powers as are necessary for authoritative action, but such powers as encourage authoritarian action. Believing, then, that most problems derive from a deficiency in human nature, conservatism comes to terms, or seeks to do so, with the limitations of politics: problems are seldom "solved," they can only be ameliorated. Someone somewhere expressed this rule with the apothegm, "You cannot eliminate Skid Row."

Accordingly, such "ideology" as is appropriate to conservatism is not really something as schematic as the word supposes. Rather, a set of presuppositions, as explained above, about the dangers of the swollen state, deriving as they do from the weaknesses of the citizens in a state, whose calling is always to struggle lest they become subjects of the state. **—WFB**

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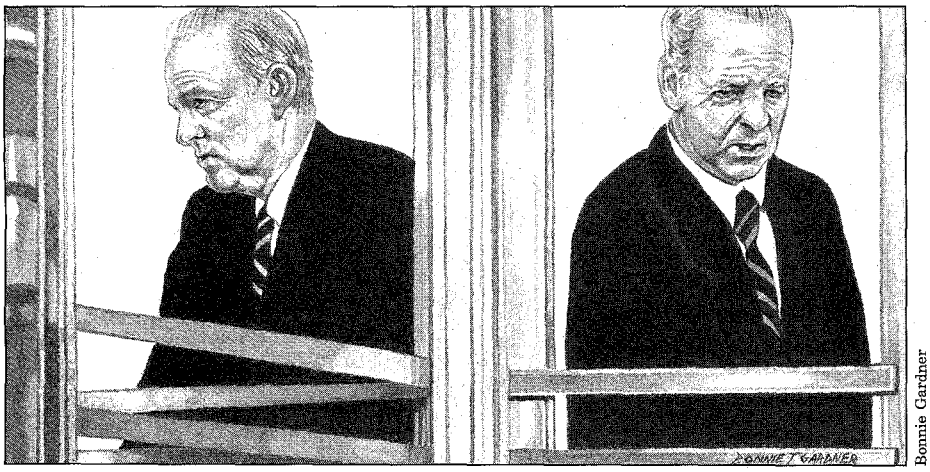
ON THE SCENE

Campaign Fever

WILLIAM McGURN



Bonnie Gardner

WASHINGTON, D.C.

IS JIM BAKER coming or staying? It depends on whom you ask. As NATIONAL REVIEW goes to press, the papers have all reported his shift to the campaign team as a *fait accompli*, to take place after the visit here by Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin in August. But George Bush hasn't confirmed it, and he walked into a meeting of senior staff to tell them two things: 1) they were going to win in November; 2) he had made no decision on Baker yet. He added that if the secretary of state were moving over to the campaign he thinks he, the President, would know about it.

Well, maybe not. It is but a measure of the disarray in the campaign that no one, including the President, seems to know what is happening. It certainly looks as if Baker is coming—after all, Bush has been out at Baker's ranch in Wyoming and Baker is doing nothing to discourage the rumors. Then again, it serves no purpose for Bush to mislead his senior staff.

The will-he-won't-he suspense surrounding Jim Baker is only the latest and most visible sign of a campaign running off the tracks. Conservatives have long complained that the Bush campaign is in trouble. George Bush, unlike Ronald Reagan, does not stand for anything, because he stands for everything; he has changed his position on everything from quotas and taxes to education and the environment. But the campaign also suffers from a lack of the C-word: competence. Everywhere you turn Republicans offer campaign horror stories: senators and congressmen who don't know Bush is visiting their state and can't get information confirmed or denied; lack of co-ordination with state Republican organizations; and, above all, lots of decisions that go back and forth without ever being resolved.

Take Vin Weber. Rightly touted as one of the brightest young conservative stars, the Minnesota Republican has been courted by campaign brass to serve as co-chairman. Although he has been highly critical of individual Bush moves in the past—Weber helped lead the House rebellion against the 1990 tax-raising budget deal—he has also supported him on the few issues where Bush has been strong, principally abortion. Not only would Weber provide some policy heft to a campaign trying to prove its President stands for something, he also brings a nuts-and-bolts knowledge of campaign tactics. In 1978, Weber ran the successful senatorial campaign of Rudy Boschwitz, taking a seat that had been held by Democrats for more than two decades.

Thus Weber was invited to dinner with campaign chairman Bob Teeter and political director Mary Matalin. This was followed by a meeting in Teeter's office, a meeting with Chairman Rich Bond at the Republican National Committee, and a meeting with campaign manager Fred Malek. Evans & Novak reported Weber's new position on a Wednesday. But that same afternoon at the Heritage Foundation, in response to questions about when he would start and what he would be doing, Weber answered bluntly, "I don't know. . . . it's still ill-defined."

"That's so typical of the campaign," says one staffer. "Everyone agrees we need him on, there's no real objection, and yet nothing ever seems to get pushed to a conclusion. We're always putting out fires that never should have started."

Now, even the best of campaigns has some constant level of chaos, but the lack of follow-through in the case of Bush–Quayle '92 is exacerbated by the lack of philosophical direction. Secretary of Labor Lynn Martin will be delivering the nominating speech, a sop to "year of the woman" fever. Former drug czar William Bennett doesn't yet know *what* he'll be doing, though there's talk of a platform press conference. Jack Kemp hadn't even booked rooms for the convention until the campaign finally figured out they might need him.

The rise of the Dump Quayle movement is the perfect example of misdirection and missed opportunities by the Bush campaign. Although campaign and Quayle staffers absolutely deny the rumor that Bush would replace Quayle, it's no secret why the rumors are plausible: the *Washington Post*/ABC poll showing that 60 per cent favor getting rid of Quayle, as well as polls showing that his high negatives are mirrored by Al Gore's high positives. Even some conservatives are impressed [see "Dropping the Co-Pilot," page 14]. But polls are tricky things, and the moment Bush tossed Quayle overboard the *liberals* in the press who have been urging him to do so would attack him for cynicism.

"I don't care if his approval ratings

Mr. McGurn is NR's Washington Bureau Chief.

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are down to 1 per cent, the Vice President has done a good job and should stay on the ticket," says Weber. "There is nothing that suggests that if they get rid of Dan Quayle it will solve the problems George Bush has or bring him up even one-half of 1 per cent."

Bennett takes it even further, seeing in the Dump Quayle frenzy a golden opportunity for Bush to prove his principles by standing up for his second. "Polls respond to leadership," says Bennett. "If the President were to go out publicly and forcefully tell the nation that there was no way he was going to give in to pressure to get rid of his running-mate, both his and Quayle's ratings would go up."

Unfortunately, the evidence thus far is that Bush is going to get the worst of both worlds. To be sure, he did characterize the rumors about dumping Quayle as "absurd" and told reporters at a Cabinet meeting that his Vice President's position on the ticket was "very certain." At the same time, however, people have been leaking all over Washington that Quayle is going to go, and when White House counselor Clayton Yeutter told a TV reporter that he was "99.99 per cent certain" that Quayle would remain, he left open the door of doubt. Bush's reluctance to squelch the rumor completely not only weakens the ticket by allowing speculation to continue, it means he won't get credit for standing by his Vice President because it looks as if he has done so reluctantly.

Weber argues that talk about replacing Quayle is a "distraction," and most of his GOP colleagues on the Hill agree. "Up here both senators and representatives are telling the campaign that the President has no credibility out in the country, that he's got to fire Darman and Brady if he's going to get some, that no one believes any of his promises," says one Senate staffer. "And this is not coming from just the conservatives—it's coming from generally polite Republicans."

Nor does the criticism stop with personnel matters. In terms of policy, conservatives are urging Bush, for example, to enforce the Supreme Court's *Beck* decision, which allows union members to have refunded to them that portion of their dues used for political purposes. All that is required is for Bush to have the Labor Department order unions to divide political from non-political moneys in their accounting, so as to facilitate the refunds. But Lynn Martin fails to carry it through and is still rewarded with a prime-time convention address. In another snafu that made the papers, the RNC sent an invitation to a Quayle breakfast to the largest gay-rights organization, the Human Rights Campaign Fund. Although the invitation was, as RNC Chairman Bond explained, a simple mistake (no one checked the mailing list), it's a mistake the White House can ill afford after Bush's trouble with evangelicals for inviting homosexual activists to the White House for a bill-signing.

This is the kind of mistake that Baker's oversight would prevent, and even conservatives who dislike the secretary of state's foreign policy concede that he would bring some badly needed professionalism to a sloppy campaign. The problem is that professionalism is only half the campaign's problem—and not even the most important half.

"What they need is a thorough house-cleaning," says one senior Administration figure. "But they also need to restore the President's credibility with the public, and they can do that only by getting rid of Darman and Brady, fighting for a Weber–Kasten pro-growth tax-cutting plan, and taking on Congress on matters of substance. If Baker's really as smart as he thinks, this will be obvious. If he's not, we'll lose." □

All the Democrats' Women

RICHARD BROOKHISER

NEW YORK

PEOPLE should pay attention to conventions, because there is always something to learn from them. Two things I learned from signs on the street when the Democrats met in New York were that GOD WANT [*sic*] ROSS PEROT FOR PRESIDENT, and that bar codes are the mark of the Beast, in which case President Bush is wise to avoid supermarkets. But since God's will turned out to hold other things for Perot, maybe it is safe to shop.

There was more to be learned inside Madison Square Garden, though not much more. It was a rather flat convention, except for a few G-spot issues (see below). Several of the lessons were familiar. Mario Cuomo is still the only politician in America who speaks in paragraphs. Jesse Jackson, who came to New York with no delegates at his back, and hence no leverage, had to play the role of Uncle Remus, telling stories about the horrors of Bush's America. It was a sad ending to his career, though if the white-boy Castor and Pollux lose, Jackson will be resurrected. We were reminded, finally, that the English language has an irregular use of the terminal silent *e*. Such windfalls do not come along every day, and the Democrats were entitled to take advantage of this one—except for former Massachusetts Governor Endicott Peabody who, when he was an active politician, was known chiefly for being named for three towns in his home state: Endicott, Peabody, and Marblehead.

We did not need to be reminded that it was the Year of the Woman, for the fact was drummed into us incessantly. Five (of the 16) Democratic women senatorial candidates were presented in a batch, and a raggedy lot they made, except for former San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein. I fear that California Senator John Seymour, her cream-of-wheat Republican opponent, is not long for this world, though judging from Representative Barbara Boxer's peculiar blend of namby-pamby and frenzy, Bruce Herschensohn, her Republican opponent for the other California Senate seat, should do nicely. The most vivid female presence of the convention, though, was Anita Hill, who was not even there. Every hapless speaker who felt invention flag had only to invoke St. Anita to guarantee a roar. The other surefire crowd-pleaser was abortion ("Although the Berlin Wall has crumbled," declared Pat Schroeder, "we face a grave threat to our freedom" from the Republican abortion-Stasi). And so it went. Senator Barbara Mikulski argued that women brought a special

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something to politics ("we speak a different language," she said, alas incorrectly). But Mrs. Feinstein, more candid, admitted that feminist politics was not about "gender" but "an agenda"—the Democratic one.

Some lessons of the Convention were fresh, such as the fact that we have entered the age of politics as therapy. This insight came to me during an otherwise respectable speech by Al Gore, when he inserted the story of his young son's near-death after being hit by a car. Even as he and his wife were sustained during the child's recovery by letters of concern from people they did not know, so the unfortunate of America, Gore concluded, could be helped by fellow citizens *they* do not know. The son sat through the whole performance, like a sweet potato grown in a peanut-butter jar for show and tell; it was child abuse, pure and simple. But Gore was hardly alone. For we heard Bill Clinton and his family, on film and in person, telling of the car crash which killed his father, of his stepfather's drunkenness, and of his mother's cancer. Earlier in the week, Paul Tsongas spoke of *his* cancer, which had left him with the obligation "to tell the truth" (though not about his cancer's recurrence). Two AIDS sufferers told of their disease, and of Republican indifference to finding a cure. Jackson told of comforting a survivor of a fire at a sweatshop chicken factory in North Carolina.

Biographical anecdotes have been a feature of American politics since the first President. But older stories sought to demonstrate either the hero's virtue or his common touch, often dishonestly: William Henry Harrison, the "log cabin" candidate, was born on one of the richest plantations in Virginia. The new stories seek to bind pol and voter in what Kenneth Minogue calls a "suffering situation." They recall the rogue Vulcan in the *Star Trek* movie who went about the galaxy clasping wretches to his bosom and asking them to "share your pain."

The notion that suffering improves a politician's character is ludicrous—George Bush had a daughter who died of leukemia; does that make Democrats like him? Hitler had a niece who was murdered; does that make anyone, except perhaps David Duke, like him?—and the notion that political engagement is our balm in Gilead is creepy. But the politics of therapy was

KEEP ABORTION ON DEMAND LEGAL
LESBIAN RIGHTS
WE ♥ THOUGHT POLICE
PC AND PROUD
I LOVE KIDS (TM THINGS I CAN'T STAND)
WE ♥ THOUGHT POLICE
Fred Carlson

logically linked to the main intellectual theme of the Convention, which is to proclaim Democratic loyalty to the American family or community, suitably defined.

The theme was first pioneered by Cuomo in San Francisco in 1984, and has been homesteaded by assorted academics in the years since. It spread like a Hudson River School vista behind Bill Clinton's primary campaign, often blurred, sometimes in focus. Many speakers visited it in New York. Bill Bradley, in clumsily delivered but interesting remarks, scolded Americans for preferring "individual thrills to collective responsibilities" during the Reagan–Bush years; an ideal society, he said, would be like a basketball team whose members sacrifice for that NBA title. Bob Hattoy, the first of the AIDS sufferers, said to Bush, "Your family has AIDS, and we're dying, and you're not doing anything about it." Tsongas said that we have a duty "to leave behind a nation as enduring as that which was given to us"; Bush's failure to do so has thus been "genewationally immowal."

Gore, in one of the more tightly argued speeches of the Convention, managed to link the talk of togetherness to his own personal theme as a politician, which is earth worship. Even as "the false assumption that we are not connected to the earth" has led to our "ecological crisis," so the "false assumption that we are not connected to each other" has led to our "social crisis."

There are problems with these arguments and assumptions, even internally. In the early days of the Clinton campaign, the theme of community included the idea that our government had to be reworked in order to serve us all better. No more. Clinton did say in his acceptance speech that he would fire 100,000 federal bureaucrats and put 100,000 cops on the street, but these were old, forgotten far-off things. More typical of Clinton today was his pledge to introduce choice in schools, followed by the assurance that he meant choice only among public schools. In case anyone missed the point, Albert Shanker of the American Federation of Teachers had made it earlier in the evening.

The Democratic community/family has at its heart a black box of individual will, which contains the abortion issue (see "The Democrats' Albatross," by William McGurn, August 3). When the subject is fetuses, the Democrats suddenly start sounding like Ayn Rand. The Democratic family/community also is "diverse," which is how homosexual activists became partners in the Democratic coalition. Here Jackson could savor a victory, albeit not a personal one. In 1984, he was the only candidate to utter the word "gay"; now, it is as obligatory in Democratic rhetoric as references to Jefferson, and purple LESBIAN RIGHTS signs bloomed on the Convention floor like sunflowers in the Kansas delegations of yore. Despite the talk of governmental reform, this remains at heart the party of something for everyone, and the ones who are most vocally happy with the things they have gotten are pro-abortionists and gay militants.

So it is that if the Republicans manage to win this one, it will be because of social issues, which even the Republicans obtusely realize. Certainly George Bush cast away the economy as an issue two years ago when he signed off on the budget deal. The Democrats' attack on him involves a contradiction. They want to assail the entire record of the Reagan–Bush years, at the same time that they mock George Bush for breaking his

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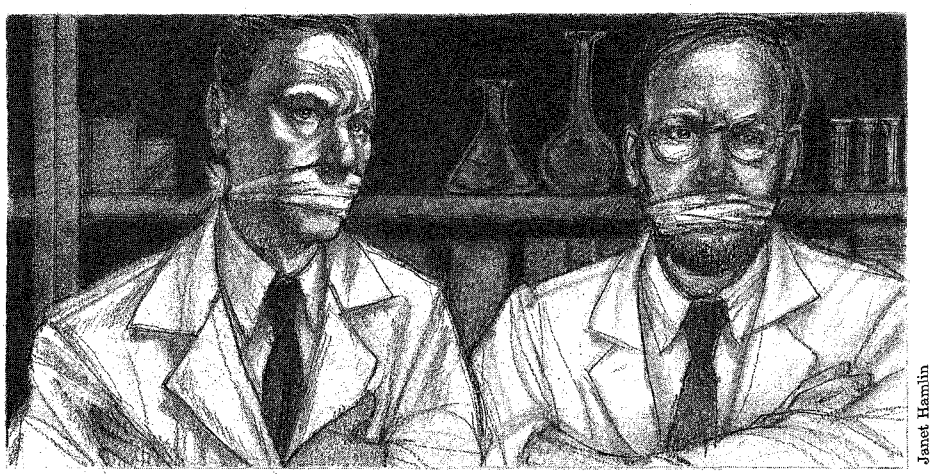
word on the tax pledge. But since the pledge Bush broke was to uphold the Reagan record, they are in effect attacking him for taking their advice. This is a small price to pay for thwacking a vulnerable opponent in his most vulnerable spot.

The worst effect of the billionaire gerbil's pullout would be if the dunderheads around Bush, looking at their improved chances in Texas and Florida, and hence in the Electoral College, forgot how desperate things are. Clinton is no DOA stiff like Dukakis. His acceptance speech, long and tame, was a misleading index of his abilities. Off the cuff, on the stump, Clinton can be energetic and engaging. He cares about his ideas, however mistaken. That could play well against a man who cares about no ideas, however good. □

Could Duesberg Be Right?

TOM BETHELL



Janet Hamlin

BERKELEY, CALIF.

ON JULY 20, the *New York Times* reported from Amsterdam that AIDS is "generally thought to be caused" by HIV, the human immunodeficiency virus. Earlier, the virus had been identified as the undoubted cause. But reports, circulating at the Amsterdam conference, of AIDS-like diseases with no trace of HIV triggered a moment of short-lived doubt. The next reaction was to assume a new, hitherto undetected virus was the culprit. Like Ptolemaic epicycles, hypothetical viruses began to multiply.

Another possibility is that HIV doesn't have anything to do with AIDS. This is what Peter Duesberg of UC Berkeley has been saying for five years: that HIV doesn't attack the immune system, doesn't cause AIDS, and is in fact harmless. A professor of molecular biology, Duesberg is one of the world's leading experts on retroviruses. I called him at his Berkeley lab and asked what he thought of the news from Amsterdam, and the possibility that we may now have one more lethal virus to worry about.

"How many different viruses are we going to have that all evolved in the last ten years and all cause the same disease?" Duesberg asked. "Viruses have been around for billions of years and now they're coming out for the latest AIDS conference."

Duesberg is a member of the National Academy of Sciences and was the first to map the genetic structure of retroviruses. He is not popular with the National Institutes of Health, the government agency that has been funding and policing AIDS research for the last decade. For years he was supported by an NIH "outstanding investigator" grant, but after he attacked the HIV theory of AIDS, his grant was cut off.

Down the hall from Duesberg at Berkeley's Stanley Hall is the lab of Professor Harry Rubin, another skeptic. He also believes that HIV has not been shown to be the cause of AIDS. I spoke to Bryan Ellison, a doctoral candidate with Rubin. Retroviruses have never been observed to kill cells, he told me. If you microscopically examine healthy cells in a dish, and a virus such as polio is added to them, the virus multiplies inside the cells and bursts them open in a matter of hours. Soon you can see nothing but "debris and garbage and dead cells," he said. But if you put HIV, or any other retrovirus, into the same dish with healthy cells—an environment where the body's immune system cannot interfere—the cells just sit there and continue healthy growth.

Knowing this, Duesberg and Rubin were suspicious when HHS Secretary Margaret Heckler announced in 1984 that a retrovirus, HIV, was the cause of AIDS. What was the evidence for this? Correlation. Where there was AIDS, there was HIV. "There is no AIDS without HIV," James Curran, AIDS chief of the Centers for Disease Control, has said.

Duesberg responds: AIDS is defined as any of 25 existing diseases *in the presence of HIV*. Therefore the correlation between HIV and AIDS is 100 per cent by definition. At an "alternative" AIDS conference in May, Duesberg illustrated the point this way: TB + HIV = AIDS. But TB – HIV = TB. "It was a great triumph" for the AIDS establishment to take these different diseases "and put them all in the same uniform labeled AIDS," Duesberg said.

Until the latest flurry of reports from Amsterdam, patients with AIDS-indicator diseases but without HIV were not counted as AIDS cases. For reasons that are not clear, a decision has now been made to play up the "discovery" of such cases. There may have been thousands of them already. Robert Root-Bernstein, a professor of physiology at Michigan State University, says that such cases were reported in the medical literature in the mid 1980s. And according to Duesberg, in about half the AIDS cases enumerated so far, patients were never actually tested for HIV. They were presumed to be positive but may not have been.

I phoned the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta and asked what they thought of Duesberg's ideas.

"Up to now we have said—and we still say—that HIV causes a majority of AIDS cases," said Chuck Fallis, a press officer. "The jury is still out on the new virus—whether it actually causes the other AIDS cases."

Mr. Bethell is Washington editor of The American Spectator *and a Media Fellow at the Hoover Institution.*

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"Nothing specifically on Duesberg?"

"No."

What was once "all" has now become "a majority."

"You don't ever have polio without polio virus," Duesberg says. "A hundred cases can support a theory, but it only takes one to destroy it."

Something has been attacking the immune system, he agrees. The T-cells of AIDS patients do dwindle away, and there has been an increase in such opportunistic diseases as pneumocystis in the past decade. But HIV has never been shown physically to attack T-cells. The virus in fact is very difficult to find, even in patients dying of AIDS. Usually only antibodies can be detected—which is why an antibody test is used for HIV. Indications are that HIV is swiftly neutralized by the body's defenses. Yet it is said to kill after a ten-year (average) latency period. This has been lengthened to account for the failure of AIDS cases to keep pace with projections. Another oddity: researchers still have no "animal model" for AIDS. Over one hundred chimps have been infected with HIV since 1985—and the virus does "take," or replicate within them—but none has yet come down with AIDS.

Routine testing of army recruits shows the HIV-positive percentage of the population has remained constant since 1985, and AIDS remains largely confined to risk groups—homosexuals and drug-users. Neither finding is consistent with a new virus spreading in the population.

DUESBERG goes further and claims that drugs are the real cause of AIDS. If he's right, the emaciated patient in the AIDS ward corresponds to the emaciated junkie in the opium den. One-third of AIDS patients are admittedly intravenous drug users—covering about 75 per cent of heterosexual AIDS cases. The real figure is probably higher: drug use is illegal, and no doubt underreported. Duesberg adds that homosexuals from the "bathhouse culture" are (or were) heavy drug users (including non-injection drugs such as "poppers"). In the course of their encounters they tend to pick up whatever is going around, including HIV and other germs. But he says that HIV itself is a harmless "hitchhiker"—a marker for risk behavior, as the scientists say.

It's the same with needle-sharers. They pick up HIV, but, says Duesberg, it's the drugs that are killing them, not the bugs. This would explain why over 80 per cent of AIDS patients are male (males consume over 80 per cent of psychoactive drugs); and why the sexually active general population that is not addicted to drugs does not get AIDS (at a time when venereal disease is spreading). On Duesberg's theory, needle-exchange programs are worse than useless. Many homosexuals, incidentally, are enamored of the viral theory of AIDS. ACT-UP member Robert Rafsky, who "confronted" Bill Clinton in the New York primary, thinks that HIV "cloaks AIDS activists in nobility." Duesberg's position is politically unpopular. As he says, if drugs cause AIDS "you are responsible for your health."

Duesberg also makes the following claims: there are no cases in the medical literature of health-care workers contracting AIDS through accidental needle-stick. In a footnote to its latest AIDS report, the CDC says there have been four such cases, but they have not been identified or described. There are a few disputed cases in the courts "and they want their money," Duesberg says. By contrast, about 15,000 cases of needle-stick hepatitis infection are reported every year.

About 75 per cent of the 20,000 U.S. hemophiliacs are HIV-positive, but there has still not been a properly controlled study of them. Do those with HIV come down with more AIDS diseases, or die sooner, than those without? It *has* been found that hemophiliacs in general are living longer than ever, even though three-fourths are now infected with the "deadly virus" and virtually all of these have been infected for eight years or more. Since the relevant data are already in place and await only statisticians, perhaps NIH could spend some of its research billions on a hemophiliac study.

"There is not a single controlled epidemiological study to confirm the postulated viral etiology of AIDS," Duesberg wrote in 1990. True? San Francisco's Project Inform recently put out a discussion paper, very critical of Duesberg, referring to "studies" comparing HIV-infected homosexuals with uninfected controls with "similar patterns of drug use and frequency of sexual contacts." None of the latter came down with AIDS, apparently. These studies were not identified or footnoted, so I phoned Martin Delaney, the executive director of Project Inform, and asked for the reference.

His "source," it turned out, was a person, not a paper. He gave me the name of a doctor who is identified in Randy Shilts's book, *And the Band Played On*, as having helped persuade CDC a decade ago that AIDS was caused by a virus. I phoned him but so far haven't heard back.

DELANEY SEEMED dismayed that journalists were interested in Duesberg. I mentioned the series of articles that came out recently in the (London) *Sunday Times* about Duesberg and his critics. "When the *Sunday Times* publicizes what Duesberg says," Delaney replied, paradoxically, "it has an obligation to ask, 'What is your source for this?' They don't apply skepticism."

I spoke to Neville Hodgkinson, the *Sunday Times*'s science correspondent and author of the series. He said he had never checked anything so carefully before publication. He was concerned that there might be a study he didn't know about. "What was the response?" I asked.

"Anger and indignation, but no factual rebuttal," he said. "I've never seen anything like it." He was solemnly told that there is a "consensus" that HIV causes AIDS, and it shouldn't be challenged.

"HIV Causes AIDS: A Controlled Study," was the unsubtle title of a paper released at the Amsterdam conference. Here was the "long-awaited rebuttal to controversial UC Berkeley Professor Peter H. Duesberg," wrote the *San Francisco Examiner*. Like the *New York Times*, however, it has ignored the controversial professor. The study was of homosexuals in Vancouver, some of whom were HIV positive, some not. "Every case of AIDS occurred in people infected with HIV," according to Martin Schecter, the principal investigator. But according to Duesberg, the two cohorts "were not controlled for extent and duration of drug use." The "positives" had been doing drugs for years, apparently; the negatives either not at all or for a much shorter period.

Maybe, then, we don't have a study refuting Duesberg yet. If we don't have one soon, we may have a major scientific scandal on our hands. □

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A Centennial Appreciation

A WASP LOOKS AT LIZZIE BORDEN

The murders of Andrew and Abby Borden on August 4, 1892, are the stuff of doggerel and legend. They also provide a case study of an overcivilized, understated segment of America's gorgeous mosaic.

FLORENCE KING

IF YOU want to understand Anglo-Saxon Americans, study the Lizzie Borden case. No ethnologist could ask for a better control group; except for Bridget Sullivan, the Bordens' maid, the zany tragedy of August 4, 1892, had an all-Wasp cast.

Lizzie was born in Fall River, Massachusetts, on July 19, 1860, and immediately given the Wasp family's favorite substitute for open affection: a nickname. Thirty-two years later at her inquest she stated her full legal name: Lizzie Andrew Borden. "You were so christened?" asked the district attorney.

"I was so christened," she replied.

Lizzie's mother died in 1862. Left with two daughters to raise, her father, Andrew Borden, soon married a chubby spinster of 38 named Abby Durfee Gray. Three-year-old Lizzie obediently called the new wife Mother, but 12-year-old Emma called her Abby.

Andrew Borden was a prosperous but miserly undertaker whose sole interest in life was money. His operations expanded to include banking, cotton mills, and real estate, but no matter how rich he became he never stopped peddling eggs from his farms to his downtown business associates; wicker basket in hand, he would set out for corporate board meetings in anticipation of yet a few more pennies. Although he was worth $500,000 in pre-IRS, gold-standard dollars, he was so tightfisted that he refused to install running water in his home. There was a latrine in the cellar and a pump in the kitchen; the bedrooms were fitted out with water pitchers, wash bowls, chamber pots, and slop pails.

Marriage with this paragon of Yankee thrift evidently drove Abby to seek compensatory emotional satisfaction in eating. Only five feet tall, she ballooned up to more than two hundred pounds and seldom left the house except to visit her half-sister, Mrs. Whitehead.

Emma Borden, Lizzie's older sister, was 42 at the time of the murders. Mouse-like in all respects, she was one of those spinsters who scurry. Other than doing the marketing, she rarely went anywhere except around the corner to visit her friend, another spinster named Alice Russell.

Compared to the rest of her family, Lizzie comes through as a prom queen. Never known to go out with men, at least she went out. A member of Central Congregational, she taught Sunday school, served as secretary-treasurer of the Christian Endeavor Society, and was a card-carrying member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

What did she look like? Like everyone else in that inbred Wasp town. *New York Sun* reporter Julian Ralph wrote during the trial:

> By the way, the strangers who are here begin to notice that Lizzie Borden's face is of a type quite common in New Bedford. They meet Lizzie Borden every day and everywhere about town. Some are fairer, some are younger, some are coarser, but all have the same general cast of features—heavy in the lower face, high in the cheekbones, wide at the eyes, and with heavy lips and a deep line on each side of the mouth.

Plump by our standards, she had what her self-confident era called a good figure. She also had blue eyes, and like all blue-eyed women she had a lot of blue dresses—handy for changing clothes without appearing to have done so. The case is a vortex of dark blue dresses, light blue dresses, blue summer dresses, blue winter dresses, clean blue dresses, paint-stained

Miss King's latest book is With Charity Toward None *(St. Martin's Press).*

PHOTOGRAPH: PHOTOFEST

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blue dresses, blood-stained blue dresses, and an all-male jury struggling to tell one from the other.

Five years before the murders, the Bordens had a family fight when Andrew put one of his rental houses in Abby's name. Lizzie and Emma were furious, so they said politely: "What you do for her, you must do for us." That's the Wasp version of a conniption and Andrew knew it, so he took refuge in our cure-all fair play, buying his daughters houses of identical valuation ($1,500) to the one he had given his wife.

Now they were even-steven and everything was settled—except it wasn't. Having failed to clear the air, everyone started smoldering and brooding. Emma and Lizzie stopped eating with the elder Bordens, requiring the maid to set and serve each meal twice. They never reached that pinnacle of Wasp rage called Not Speaking—"We always *spoke*," Emma emphasized at the trial—but she and Lizzie eliminated "Abby" and "Mother" from their respective vocabularies and started calling their stepmother "Mrs. Borden." What a cathartic release that must have been.

Chang Park

Lizzie ticked away for four years until 1891, when she committed a family robbery. Entering the master bedroom through a door in her own room (it was a "shotgun" house with no hallways), she stole her stepmother's jewelry and her father's loose cash.

Andrew and Abby knew that Lizzie was the culprit, and Lizzie knew that they knew, but rather than "have words," Andrew called in the police and let them go through an investigation to catch the person the whole family carefully referred to as "the unknown thief."

The robbery launched a field day of Silent Gestures. Everybody quietly bought lots of locks. To supplement the key locks, there were bolts, hooks, chains, and padlocks. Abby's Silent Gesture consisted of locking and bolting her side of the door that led into Lizzie's room. Lizzie responded with her Silent Gesture, putting a hook on her side of the door and shoving a huge claw-footed secretary in front of it.

The best Silent Gesture was Andrew's. He put the strongest available lock on the master bedroom, but kept the key on the sitting-room mantelpiece in full view of everyone. Lizzie knew she was being tempted to touch it; she also knew that if the key disappeared, she would be suspect. In one fell swoop, Andrew made it clear that he was simultaneously trusting her and distrusting her, and warning her without saying a word. Wasps call this war of nerves the honor system.

Since Emma *was* a Silent Gesture, there was no need for her to do anything except keep on scurrying.

The Borden house must have been a peaceful place. There is nothing on record to show that the Bordens ever raised their voices to one another. "Never a word," Bridget Sullivan testified at the trial, with obvious sincerity and not a little awe.

Bridget, 26 and pretty in a big-boned, countrified way, had been in the Bordens' service for almost three years at the time of the murders. A recent immigrant, she had a brogue so thick that she referred to the Silent Gesture on the mantelpiece as the "kay."

Bridget adored Lizzie. Victoria Lincoln, the late novelist, whose parents were neighbors of the Bordens, wrote in her study of the case: "*De haut en bas*, Lizzie was always kind." Her habit of calling Bridget "Maggie" has been attributed to laziness (Maggie was the name of a former maid), but I think it was an extremity of tact. In that time and place, the name Bridget was synonymous with "Irish maid." Like Rastus in minstrel-show jokes, it was derisory, so Lizzie substituted another.

Anyone who studies the Borden case grows to like Lizzie, or at least admire her, for her rigid sense of herself as a gentlewoman. It would have been so easy for her to cast suspicion on Bridget, or to accuse her outright. Bridget was the only other person in the house when Andrew and Abby were killed. The Irish were disliked in turn-of-the-century Massachusetts; a Yankee jury would have bought the idea of Bridget's guilt. Yet Lizzie never once tried to shift the blame, and she never named Bridget as a suspect.

Scurrying Away

A WEEK before the murders, Emma did something incredible: she went to Fairhaven. Fifteen miles is a long way to scurry but scurry she did, to visit an elderly friend and escape the heat wave that had descended on Fall River.

That same week, Lizzie shared a beach house on Buzzards Bay with five friends. At a press conference after the murders, they showered her with compliments. "She always was self-contained, self-reliant, and very composed. Her conduct since her arrest is exactly what I should have expected. Lizzie and her father were, without being demonstrative, very fond of each other."

They got so caught up in Wasp priorities that they inadvertently sowed a dangerous seed when the reporter asked them if they thought Lizzie was guilty. No, they said firmly, because she had pleaded *not* guilty: "It is more likely that Lizzie would commit a murder than that she would lie about it afterward."

The most puzzling aspect of the case has always been Lizzie's choice of weapons. Ladies don't chop up difficult relatives, but they do poison them. A few days before she was due at the beach house, Lizzie tried to buy prussic acid in her neighborhood drugstore. The druggist's testimony was excluded on a legal technicality,

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but it establishes her as, in the words of one of her friends, "a monument of straightforwardness."

Picture it: In broad daylight in the middle of a heat wave, she marched into the drugstore carrying a fur cape, announced that there were moths in it, and asked for ten cents' worth of prussic acid to kill them. The druggist was stunned. Even in the casual Nineties, when arsenic was sold over the counter, it was illegal to sell prussic acid. "But I've bought it many times before," Lizzie protested.

The druggist's astonishment mounted in the face of this stouthearted lie. "Well, my good lady, it is something we don't sell except by prescription, as it is a very dangerous thing to handle."

Lizzie left, never dreaming that she might have called attention to herself.

At the beach, her friends noticed that she seemed despondent and preoccupied. They were puzzled when she suddenly cut short her vacation, giving as her excuse some church work, and returned to Fall River.

Back home in the stifling city heat, she sat in her room and brooded. Somehow she had found out that Abby was about to acquire some more real estate; Andrew was planning to put a farm in his wife's name and install his brother-in-law, John Morse, as caretaker. This last was especially infuriating, for Lizzie and Emma were Not Speaking to Uncle John. He had been involved, so they thought, in that other real-estate transfer five years before. Now he was back, plotting to do her and Emma out of their rightful inheritance.

Something had to be done, but what? Lacking ladylike poison, Lizzie did what every overcivilized, understated Wasp is entirely capable of doing once we finally admit we're mad as hell and aren't going to take it any more: She went from Anglo to Saxon in a trice.

Miss Borden Accepts

ON THE day before the murders, Lizzie joined Abby and Andrew for lunch for the first time in five years—an air-tight alibi, for who would do murder after doing lunch?

That evening, she paid a call on Alice Russell and craftily planted some red herrings. If Machiavelli had witnessed this demonstration of the fine Wasp hand he would have gone into cardiac arrest.

"I have a feeling that something is going to happen," she told Alice. "A feeling that somebody is going to do something." She hammered the point home with stories about her father's "enemies." He was such a ruthless businessman, she said, that "they" all hated him, and she would not put it past "them" to burn down the house.

When she returned home, Uncle John had arrived with plans to spend the night. Since she was Not Speaking to him, she went directly to her room.

The next day, August 4, 1892, the temperature was already in the eighties at sunrise, but that didn't change the Bordens' breakfast menu. Destined to be the most famous breakfast in America, it was printed in newspapers everywhere and discussed by aficionados of the murders for years to come: Alexander Woollcott always claimed it was the motive.

If Lizzie had only waited, Abby and Andrew probably would have died *anyway*, for their breakfast consisted of mutton soup, sliced mutton, pancakes, bananas, pears, cookies, and coffee. Here we recognize the English concept of breakfast-as-weapon designed to overwhelm French tourists and other effete types.

Bridget was the first up, followed by Andrew, who came downstairs with the connubial slop pail and emptied it on the grass in the backyard. That done, he gathered the pears that had fallen to the ground.

After breakfast, Andrew saw Uncle John out and then brushed his teeth at the kitchen sink where Bridget was washing dishes. Moments later, she rushed out to the back yard and vomited. Whether it was the mutton or the toothbrushing or something she had seen clinging to a pear we shall never know, but when she returned to the house, Abby was waiting with an uncharacteristic order. She wanted the windows washed, all of them, inside and out, *now*.

Here is one of the strangest aspects of the case. Victoria Lincoln writes of Abby: "Encased in fat and self-pity, she was the kind who make indifferent housekeepers everywhere." Additionally, the Wasp woman is too socially secure to need accolades like "You could eat off her floor." Why then would Abby order a sick Bridget to wash the windows on a blistering hot day?

Because, says Miss Lincoln, she was getting ready to go to the bank to sign the deed for the farm, and she feared a scene with Lizzie, who, knowing Abby's hermit-like ways, would immediately suspect the truth. The mere thought of "having words" in front of a servant struck horror in Abby's heart, so she invented a task that would take Bridget outside.

That left Lizzie inside.

Around nine o'clock, Abby was tomahawked in the guest room while making Uncle John's bed. Andrew was to meet the same fate around 11. Lizzie's behavior during that two-hour *entr'acte* was a model of Battle-of-Britain calm. She ironed handkerchiefs, sewed a button loop on a blouse, chatted with Bridget about a dress-goods sale, and read *Harper's Weekley*.

Andrew came home at 10:30 and took a nap on the sitting-room sofa. Shortly before 11, Bridget went up to her attic room to rest. At 11:15 she heard Lizzie cry out: "Maggie! Come down quick! Father's dead. Somebody came in and killed him."

Somebody certainly had. The entire left side of his face and head was a bloody pulp; the eye had been severed and hung down his cheek, and one of the blows had bisected a tooth.

Lizzie sent Bridget for Alice Russell and Dr. Bowen, then sat on the back steps. The Bordens' next-door neighbor, Mrs. Adelaide Churchill, called over to her and got a priceless reply: "Oh, Mrs. Churchill, do come over. Someone has killed Father."

Mrs. Churchill came over, took a quick look at Andrew, and asked, "Where is your stepmother, Lizzie?"

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The safe thing to say was "I don't know," but the people who invented the honor system are sticklers for the truth. "I don't know but that she's been killed, too, for I thought I heard her come in," Lizzie blurted.

Bridget returned with Miss Russell and Dr. Bowen, who examined Andrew and asked for a sheet to cover the body. Lizzie told Bridget to get it. Whether she said anything else is in dispute; no one present testified to it, but the legend persists that our monument of straightforwardness added, "Better get two."

Bridget and Mrs. Churchill decided to search the house for Abby. They were not gone long. When they returned, a white-faced but contained Mrs. Churchill nodded at Alice Russell.

"There is another?" asked Miss Russell.

"Yes, she is upstairs," said Mrs. Churchill.

The only excited person present was Bridget.

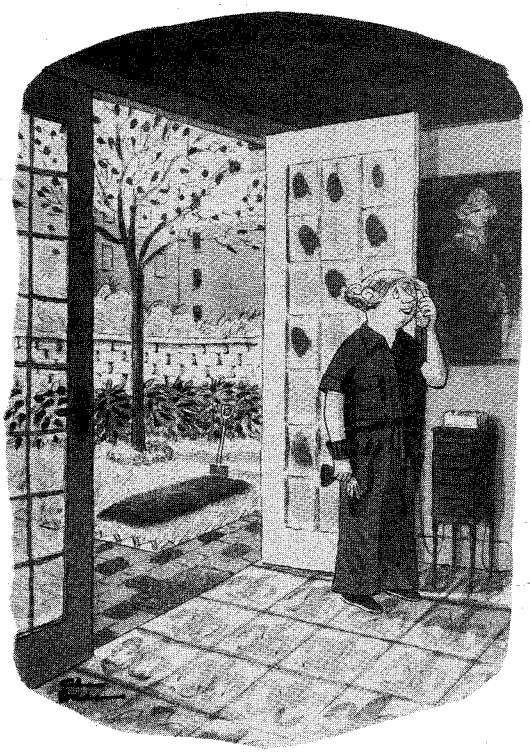
By the Way . . .

BY NOON, when Uncle John returned for lunch, the cops had come, and a crowd had formed in the street. Knowing of the hatred between Lizzie and Abby, Uncle John must have guessed the truth, but he chose to exhibit so much nonchalance that he became the first suspect. Instead of rushing into the house yelling, "What's the matter?" he ambled into the back yard, picked up some pears, and stood eating them in the shade of the tree.

Meanwhile, the police were questioning Lizzie, who claimed that she had gone to the barn and returned to find her father dead. What had she gone to the barn for? "To get a piece of lead for a fishing sinker."

It was the first thing that popped into her head, less a conscious deception than an ink-blot association triggered by her seaside vacation. She was playing it by ear. It never occurred to her that she could have stalled for time by pretending to faint. Women often fainted in those tightly corseted days, but she even rejected the detective's gallant offer to come back and question her later when she felt better. "No," she said. "I can tell you all I know now as well as at any other time."

A moment later, when the detective referred to Abby as her mother, she drew herself up and said stiffly, "She is not my mother, sir, she is my stepmother. My mother died when I was a child." Before you start diagnosing "self-destructive tendencies," remember that the English novelists' favorite character is the plucky orphan, and she had just become one.



Drawing by Chas. Addams; © 1977 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

"He's in the garden."

Miss Russell and Dr. Bowen took her upstairs to lie down. Lizzie asked the doctor to send a telegram to Emma in Fairhaven, adding, "Be sure to put it gently, as there is an old person there who might be disturbed." It's all right to disturb your sister as long as you don't disturb strangers; Wasps haven't kithed our kin since the Anglo-Saxon invaders wiped out the Celtic clan system.

Dr. Bowen must have sent the gentlest wire on record, because Emma did not catch the next train, nor the one after that, nor the one after *that*. She didn't return until after seven that night.

When Dr. Bowen returned, Lizzie confided to him that she had torn up a certain note and put the pieces in the kitchen trash can. He hurried downstairs and found them; he was putting them together when a detective walked in. Seeing the name "Emma," he asked Dr. Bowen what it was. "Oh, it is nothing," Dr. Bowen said nonchalantly. "It is something, I think, about my daughter going through somewhere."

Before the detective could react to this bizarre answer, Dr. Bowen, nonchalant as ever, tossed the pieces into the kitchen fire. As he lifted the stove lid, the detective saw a foot-long cylindrical stick lying in the flames. Later, in the cellar, he found a hatchet head that had been washed and rolled while wet in furnace ash to simulate the dust of long disuse.

Lizzie had been in the barn, but not to look for sinkers. The barn contained a vise, blacksmithing tools, and a water pump. Blood can be washed from metal but not from porous wood. She knew she had to separate the hatchet head from the handle and burn the latter. She did all of this in a very brief time, and without giving way to panic.

Victoria Lincoln believes that because she really had been in the barn, her compulsive honesty forced her to admit it to the police. Then she had to think of an innocent reason for going there, and came up with the story about looking for sinkers. "She lied about *why* and *when* she had done things, but she never denied having done them," writes Miss Lincoln.

Alice Russell displayed the same tic: "Alice's conscience forced her to *mention* things at the trial, but not to *stress* them." The Wasp gift for making everything sound trivial, as when we introduce momentous subjects with "Oh, by the way," enabled Alice to testify about a highly incriminating fact in such a way that the prosecution missed its significance entirely.

On one of Alice's trips upstairs on the murder day, she saw Lizzie coming out of *Emma's* room, and a bun-

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dled-up blanket on the floor of *Emma's* closet. What was Lizzie doing in Emma's room? What was in the blanket? Victoria Lincoln thinks it contained blood-stained stockings, but the prosecution never tried to find out because Alice made it all sound so matter-of-fact. The same technique worked for Dr. Bowen in the matter of the note; we happy few don't destroy evidence, we just tut-tut it into oblivion.

Everyone who saw Lizzie after the murders testified that there wasn't a drop of blood on her. How did she wash the blood off her skin and hair in a house that had no running water? What trait is cherished by the people who distrust intellectuals? *Common sense* told her to sponge herself off with the diaper-like cloths Victorian women used for sanitary napkins and then put them in her slop pail, which was already full of bloody cloths because she was menstruating that week.

Now we come to the dress she wore when she murdered Abby. Where did she hide it after she changed? Some students of the crime think she committed both murders in the nude, but Victoria Lincoln disagrees and so do I. Murder is one thing, but . . .

Where would any honest Wasp hide a dress? In the dress closet, of course. Like most women, Lizzie had more clothes than hangers, so she knew how easy it is to "lose" a garment by hanging another one on top of it. Victoria Lincoln thinks she hung the blood-stained summer cotton underneath a heavy winter woolen, and then banked on the either–or male mind: the police were looking for a *summer* dress, and men never run out of hangers.

She got no blood at all on the second dress. Her tall father's Prince Albert coat reached to her ankles, and common sense decrees that blood on a *victim's* clothing is only to be expected.

Mistress of Herself

AFTER her arrest Lizzie became America's Wasp Princess. People couldn't say enough nice things about her icy calm, even the Fall River police chief: "She is a remarkable woman and possessed of a wonderful power of fortitude."

A Providence reporter and Civil War veteran: "Most women would faint at seeing her father dead, for I never saw a more horrible sight and I have walked over battlefields where thousands were dead and mangled. She is a woman of remarkable nerve and self-control."

Julian Ralph, *New York Sun*: "It was plain to see that she had complete mastery of herself, and could make her sensations and emotions invisible to an impertinent public."

To ward off a backlash, Lizzie gave an interview to the *New York Recorder* in which she managed to have her bona fides and eat them too: "They say I don't show any grief. Certainly I don't in public. I never did reveal my feelings and I cannot change my nature now."

I find this very refreshing in an age that equates self-control with elitism. If Lizzie were around today she would be reviled as the Phantom of the Oprah.

Wasp emotional repression also gave us the marvelous fight between Lizzie and Emma in Lizzie's jail cell while she was awaiting trial. Described by Mrs. Hannah Reagan, the police matron, it went like this:

"Emma, you have given me away, haven't you?"

"No, Lizzie, I have not."

"You have, and I will let you see I won't give in one inch."

Finis. Lizzie turned over on her cot and lay with her back to Emma, who remained in her chair. They stayed like that for two hours and twenty minutes, until visiting time was up and Emma left.

When Mrs. Reagan spilled this sensational colloquy to the press, Lizzie's lawyers said it was a lie and demanded she sign a retraction. Doubts arose, but Victoria Lincoln believes Mrs. Reagan: "That terse exchange followed by a two-hour-and-twenty-minute sulking silence sounds more like a typical Borden family fight than the sort of quarrel an Irish police matron would dream up from her own experience."

The Last Word

AFTER her acquittal, Lizzie bought a mansion for herself and Emma in Fall River's best neighborhood. Social acceptance was another matter. When she returned to Central Congregational, everyone was very polite, so she took the hint and stopped going.

She lived quietly until 1904, when she got pinched for shoplifting in Providence. This is what really made her an outcast. Murder is one thing, but . . .

In 1913, Emma suddenly moved out and never spoke to Lizzie again. Nobody knows what happened. Maybe Lizzie finally admitted to the murders, but I doubt it; the Protestant conscience is not programmed for pointless confession. It sounds more as if Emma found out that her sister had a sex life.

An enthusiastic theatergoer, Lizzie was a great fan of an actress named Nance O'Neill. They met in a hotel and developed an intense friendship; Lizzie threw lavish parties for Nance and her troupe and paid Nance's legal expenses in contractual disputes with theater owners. Nance was probably the intended recipient of the unmailed letter Lizzie wrote beginning "Dear Friend," and going on to juicier sentiments: "I dreamed of you the other night but I do not dare to put my dreams on paper." If Emma discovered the two were lesbian lovers, it's no wonder she moved out so precipitately. Murder is one thing, but . . .

Lizzie stayed in Fall River, living alone in her mansion, until she died of pneumonia in 1927.

Emma, living in New Hampshire, read of Lizzie's death in the paper but did not attend the funeral or send flowers. Ten days later, Emma died from a bad fall. Both sisters left the bulk of their fortunes to the Animal Rescue League. Nothing could be Waspier, except the explanation little Victoria Lincoln got when she asked her elders why no one ever spoke to their neighbor, Miss Borden. "Well, dear, she was very unkind to her mother and father." □

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Tigers Uncaged

PACIFIC RIM: OFF AND RUNNING

A group of *NR* editors and supporters visits three of Asia's Four Tigers, and finds the entrepreneurial zest only slightly tamed by the specter of Communist China.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY & WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

SEOUL—Our week-long trip begins in South Korea, and our first stop is the Residence, the official home of U.S. Ambassador Donald Gregg and his wife, Meg, who happen to be the father- and mother-in-law of Bill Buckley's son, Christopher. The Residence, built in 1971 on the site of an old Korean country house, is itself Korean in style, thanks to the insistence of the then ambassador, the late Philip Habib. "Otherwise," comments Mrs. Gregg, "they would have put up a generic State Department embassy."

Ambassador Gregg has summoned his country team to brief us on South Korea's prospects. Seoul is only fifty miles from the Demilitarized Zone (DMZ), and Communist North Korea's propensity for trouble-making remains high. Only days before we arrived, a band of Kim Il-sung's soldiers had been caught trying to infiltrate the South. North Korea's nuclear-weapons program is a permanent source of anxiety—and a reason why most South Koreans devoutly wish the American presence to continue.

But despite the threat from Pyongyang, South Korea has successfully entrenched democracy. Roh Tae Woo will be the first Korean president not to seek a second term. And the election that looms in December had, at the time of our late-spring visit, a very American feel, with candidates from the ruling and opposition parties—and a Ross Perot look-alike, Chung Joo Yung, the founder of Hyundai. The results may well hang on economic factors. —PLB

Doing Business in Korea

THE transcendentally good news is that we are talking about a country that rose from the ashes of the war with the North and for years has managed a 7 per cent annual rise in GNP.

But this rise is now threatened by two factors, one of them an extraordinary 60 per cent rise in wages given out during the past three years, well above corresponding gains in productivity. That and an inflation rate that is pounding along at 9 per cent (the official figure), or perhaps as high as 15 per cent.

"If you remember one thing of all that I am about to tell you," an official at the Chamber of Commerce stresses, "it is that in the long run it pays to do business in Korea." That, presumably, is why there is a robust community here of American entrepreneurs. But their complaints are eloquent, and it is heartening that high officials in the government are sympathetic to those complaints, even if they are not about to do anything to cope with them; not with elections coming up, and a new president scheduled to be sworn in a few weeks after our own Inauguration Day.

What are such obstacles? They begin with something very much like a national mood of xenophobia—a mood entirely inconsistent with the personal warmth of the South Korean. No doubt much of it traces to the Japanese occupation for 35 years, punctuated by acts of violence, many of them sadistic. Details continue to transpire, as when we read recently about the slave labor in prostitution. The Japanese grudgingly admitted that there were grounds for reparations and some years ago paid out a half-billion dollars or so. But unlike Germany, where Hitler tales are a major industry, the Japanese seek to discourage public knowledge of their atrocities.

Then there are the minor annoyances. The volume of piracy in South Korea is quite extraordinary. You can buy a green soft-drink can labeled "Sprite," and one that looks exactly like it, only it is labeled "Spriten." The former is the property of a U.S. company, the latter, the property of a South Korean pirate. Up until a year or so ago, an estimated 25,000 South Korean mom-and-pop houses were busily engaged in making unlicensed copies of everything from *Casablanca* to Lotus 1-2-3. Stealing is not the best way to cultivate commercial affections, and the government is finally moving in to enforce what are called Intellectual Property Rights.

And here is a striking example of how to discourage a native from buy-

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ing an American Mercury Sable. The price of this model, in the U.S. in 1991, was $16,000. The tariff in South Korea is $3,200 (20 per cent). But then there is a special excise tax of $4,800, followed by an "Education Tax on Special Excise" of $1,440, followed by a Banking & Customs Clearance fee of $480: so that the cost to the distributor in Seoul is now $25,920. He of course has to have a markup, and this is $5,184. But before the car moves, there is the value-added tax of $3,110, so that now the retail price on the showroom floor is $34,214. . . . That is the kind of thing that inflames American car manufacturers; and, for that matter, Americans in general. It cools us off a little to reflect that we sell more to South Korea than it sells to us. —WFB

On the Front Line

PANMUNJOM—It takes an hour and a half nowadays to cover the fifty miles from Seoul to the DMZ. It took Kim Il-sung's soldiers a day and a half to make the journey, tearing through thinly manned positions in the opening offensive of the Korean War, in June of 1950. Hung Choo Hyun, the current South Korean ambassador to Washington, was ten years old at the time and would be orphaned within days of the offensive. In Seoul 1950 as in Hué 1968, the Communist invaders rounded up hundreds of potential political opponents and shot them out of hand.

The first sign that we are approaching the DMZ is an isolated group of barracks on a hillside and the laconic notice: "506th Infantry Stands Alone." Colonel Thomas Turner, commander of U.S. forces in the DMZ, greets us at the Monastery Visiting Center, which sells refreshments and souvenirs to the 100,000 tourists who visit the DMZ each year. He commands 400 troops—60 per cent American, 40 per cent Korean—and 220 civilians. His troops face a million-man army, 80 per cent of which is deployed close to the DMZ.

We are turned over to Specialist Sadler, who rattles off his presentation with no-nonsense precision, and then, after a quick lunch at the canteen, we are taken to the MDL, the Military Demarcation Line. We drive up to it preceded by armed soldiers in a Humvee—which has replaced the Jeep as the Army's utility vehicle—past a landscaped sunken garden over which a pitched battle was fought not so long ago. In November 1984, a Soviet defector, breaking away from a North Korean visiting group, crossed into the South Korean section of the DMZ pursued by North Korean guards, their guns blazing. They were driven back with a number of casualties, and the Soviet defector saved.

Beyond the sunken garden we come to the quonset hut in which the Military Armistice Commission (MAC) has held periodic meetings since 1953. Beyond it on a hill is an imposing North Korean building of vaguely Palladian architecture, which we are told was built solely to impress: it is only 18 feet deep. Specialist Sadler tells us to enter the MAC hut single file and not to speak as we enter, and to form a horseshoe circle around the table in the center of the room. On either side of the table four open mikes hang from the ceiling, live 24 hours a day so that both sides can hear what is going on. An electric cable runs down the center of the table. This is the demarcation line. Bill Buckley asks Sadler a question, and the young soldier, so serious up to this point, replies: "You have lost the moral high ground, Mr. Buckley. You are standing in North Korea."

Once back outside we climb to the roof of a nearby building and look across the valley at the North Korean village the troops call Propaganda Village—from which Communist loudspeakers blare out music and propaganda night and day, occasionally addressing a soldier by name, Tokyo-Rose-like—and at the "bridge of no return."

It was over this narrow, low-slung span that the POWs of the Korean War, North and South, crossed in the repatriation that followed the armistice. There is no monument here, though there should be, to South Korea's first president, Syngman Rhee. Kim Il-sung had insisted that there would be no armistice unless *all* North Korean prisoners—like it or not—were returned to him, and the allied authorities, anxious to end the war, were preparing for a Far Eastern version of Operation Keelhaul. But Rhee settled the matter, unilaterally: one fine night he ordered his men to open up the prison cages and allow those North Koreans who wanted freedom to take off.

It was over this same bridge, on December 22, 1968, that Commander Lloyd Bucher and his *Pueblo* crew staggered to freedom after 11 months in North Korean torture cells.

Access to the bridge is now barred by two metal stanchions placed there by our side after North Korean guards surged across it 16 years ago and axed to death two U.S. officers on a routine tree-trimming mission. Panmunjom, along with Guantanamo in Cuba, is the cutting edge of what is left of the cold war. —PLB

China, Republic of

TAIPEI—The capital of Taiwan is a big modern city like Seoul, but with more emphasis on its heritage: the old-style, pagoda-roofed Grand Hotel up on a hill, towering over the surrounding streets; the new and imposing monument to Chiang Kai-shek; and the National Palace Museum, with its treasure trove of Chinese arts and artifacts down through the ages. These were carried to Taiwan by Chiang's retreating Nationalist forces in 1949 and thus providentially saved from destruction in the Cultural Revolution.

The atmosphere is cheery at a converted and upspiffed (as the cable desk would put it) former Enlisted Men's Club, where the American Chamber of Commerce meets with us for break-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM BOWER

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fast. Life in Taiwan is rosy for the foreign businessman, according to this group, and Taiwan's chief asset is its industrious work force. "The people work very hard, learn very fast, and have discipline," comments an American exec, who credits the educational system for much of this. In addition, the Basic Standards Labor Law, under which Taiwan has operated since 1984, makes for labor peace. In contrast to Korea, where major conglomerates dominate the economy, Taiwan has thousands of small and medium-sized businesses (employing ten, twenty, fifty people), which makes for greater flexibility. With the price of land skyrocketing in Taiwan and wages in an upward spiral, three thousand small companies here have diversified to the Chinese Mainland, often taking their obsolete machinery with them. There, with very little interference from local authorities, they operate small factories with the abundant, cheap, and well-educated labor available in Fukien province right across the strait. —PLB

Cloud over Taiwan

IF YOU have not noticed it, democracy has come to Taiwan. The government party is still in control, but the opposition is lively. The per-capita income in 1991 was $8,800 (compared with U.S. $19,082), the GNP rose by 7.2 per cent, inflation was 3.6, unemployment 1.5, the trade surplus, $13 billion. Whee!-time, on the whole.

But there is a cloud on the horizon, caused by increased arms activity in the Mainland. This is an obtrusive development, given the relative quiet in recent years in the long rivalry over just which is the legitimate government of China. Taiwan stands by the proposition that when the Nationalists were driven from the Mainland in 1949, they brought with them the tablets of government. Peking, on the other hand, continues to regard Taiwan as a separatist rogue-state, simply feigning legitimacy.

The operating assumption in Taiwan is that little by little, as the old ideologues die or fade away, economic reality will reassert itself and the Mainland will come to its senses. But meanwhile, there is the problem of a rearmed China, which has exploded underground a nuclear device seventy times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb.

Dr. Fred Chien, who is now the foreign minister, was on the front line in New York and Washington when the United Nations and the United States imposed successive indignities on Taiwan, beginning with its expulsion by the UN in 1971, and culminating with its de-recognition by President Carter in 1978. What quickly followed was international ostracism, a period during which one country after another withdrew its ambassador from Taiwan and closed down air links. But very quickly economic reality took over as the island prospered; so that the notion that Taiwan is in Coventry is about as persuasive as that nobody knew James Baldwin's name.

What would of course quickly clean up this anomaly would be a simple declaration of independence, ratified by plebiscite. The idea was soundly defeated in the general elections of 1991, when an opposition party calling for independence got only 24 per cent of the vote. Taiwan was occupied by the Japanese in 1895, liberated in 1945, administered by Peking until 1949, and isolated from the Mainland after the collapse of the Kuomintang. So that for only 4 of the last 97 years has this island of twenty million people been a functioning part of China. But nostalgic ties are strong and national pride is huge, and China thinks of itself as a great empire dismembered time and again by alien forces, kept together only by the tenacity of a sacred national memory.

That is the source of the existing anomaly. And the great day of course could come when the government of Peking would go the way of the government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and (this is grand opera) the survivors in Peking turned to Taipei for leadership. One can dream, and every now and then history obliges, as it did with a vengeance in 1989–91, beginning with the collapse of the Wall in Berlin, and stretching to the outlawing of the Communist Party by the Kremlin.

Meanwhile it is invigorating to listen to the young leaders of the country, so many of them utterly fluent in English; scholarly men of great charm and cosmopolitan experience, proud of the successes of a country not much bigger than the state of West Virginia. All kinds of visions animate them, among these the possibility that they will inherit the role of Hong Kong as regional financial center for South Asia. This may not come to pass, but the feeling is that the future here is bright. —WFB

In the Dragon's Lair

HONG KONG—Burton Levin, formerly our consul general in Hong Kong, does not see Taiwan's future happiness as coming at the expense of Hong Kong's. Indeed, he sees the priority that Red China places upon reunification with Taiwan as the best guarantee Hong Kong could have: any future moves toward peaceful reunification will be measured by Taiwan in the light of how Peking has administered its newly acquired territories in and around Hong Kong.

But Martin Lee is not so sanguine, not by a long shot. Mr. Lee, a British-educated Hong Kong lawyer and former chairman of the Hong Kong Bar Association, is Peking's bête noire. A year ago, in the first democratic elections in Hong Kong's history, Lee's brand-new United Democrats of Hong Kong swept 16 of the 18 elective seats to the Legislative Council (Legco) defeating every candidate favored by Red China. Lee is a man with a mission. But he's also a man in a hurry, because Great Britain has only a couple of years left to graft democratic institutions onto the body politic of Hong Kong.

We heard Martin Lee at dinner one night and then, briefly, in his office the next afternoon. Slim, intense, looking younger than his 53 years, Lee demands, every time he gets a forum, and we were one, that the British government make a majority of the seats on Legco subject to direct elections. (At present only 18 of the 60 seats are elective.) It is only with a such a democratically elected body, he argues, that, after China takes over in 1997, the people of Hong Kong will be in any position to protect their interests should Peking fail to carry out the terms of the takeover treaty. Under this treaty Hong Kong will retain a certain measure of autonomy for fifty years.

Martin Lee trusts China not at all. "Once you kowtow to Peking again and again," he told us, "it expects you to be on your knees forever." Lee is not

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the kowtowing type. His crusade makes the government entities and business groups, which are hoping for the best, uneasy, uncomfortable, and often very angry. They don't want to hear what he has to say. And we wonder among ourselves later whether Peking's first order of business upon marching into Hong Kong might not be to remove the intractable Mr. Lee from the scene, one way or another. He is not a man easily silenced.

—PLB

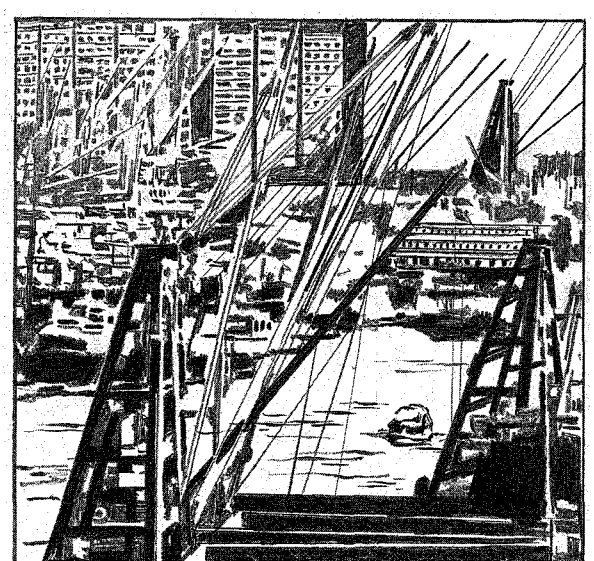
Freedom Afoot?

WILLIAM McGURN'S book *Perfidious Albion* gives the darker side of the pact concluded by Mrs. Thatcher in 1985 to turn the government of Hong Kong over to Peking. The data argue very strongly that this was an infamous case of diplomatic insensitivity, turning 5.6 million people over to a totalitarian regime whose trademark is the elimination of liberty, and whose indelible scar is the slaughter at Tiananmen Square on June 4, 1989. Mrs. Thatcher's defense has been pragmatic: The 99-year lease of Hong Kong to the British was due to expire in 1997; anyway, if the People's Republic of China had wanted to take over Hong Kong before then they could have had it "with a single telephone call."

That much is true: all Mao Tse-tung would have needed to do to reintegrate Hong Kong into his Middle Kingdom was cut off the water supply. He didn't do that, and the reasons are plain. Hong Kong has been to China what the black market was to Russia: the tie to economic reality. Hong Kong is where the banks are, the port through which the high voltage of foreign capital has surged in to transform South China, particularly the city of Canton. Hong Kong supplies almost 40 per cent of the foreign exchange that goes into the Mainland. The hierarchy in Hong Kong is betting that the one thing Peking cannot afford is to put a socialist torch to the city whose great pulsations of economic energy bring life to much of China.

In China today Marxism is a mere formality, invoked only because it is a creed that legitimizes, or seeks to do so, the terrible, extravagant ordeal of the People's Republic of China. In fact, one close observer notes, there is today within China greater economic freedom than in Russia and most of the Eastern European ex-satellites. The nation is flooded with televisions and VCRs and journals that bring in a taste of life in the freer world. What is developing, one man picturesquely describes as a "pluralistic authoritarianism." All the vectors are in place: the very old guard will be dead before 1997, the government will need to find 140 million new jobs to take care of the population, and it will recognize that capitalism is the only way to do this. Whereas ten years ago 75 per cent of all economic activity was done by state agencies, that proportion is reduced now to 50 per cent.

What development, if any, could interrupt this move toward progress?



Well, China has much to fear from the live detritus left by the Cultural Revolution, ten years during which mad Mao simply suspended education and encouraged every subhuman instinct in the large inventory within the human nature. "It is important," one senior commentator observed, "that elder Chinese who matured before 1965 should continue to govern late into their own lives, and that younger people, who reached school age after the Cultural Revolution ended in 1976, should exercise responsibility at a younger age than they normally would." The threat of gross mismanagement by the alumni of the Cultural Revolution is real, and another threat would be destabilization, the kind of thing that could lead to civil war. Still a third threat would be massive inflation, he continued. "Everybody now recognizes that it was inflation that finally killed off Chiang Kai-shek. They can't afford to run any such risk."

—WFB

Sun Rising

I AM SITTING at the desk in my 15th-floor bedroom at the Regent Hotel; in a few minutes the bellboy will come for my bags. There is a great plate-glass window in front of me, and I'm looking across the bay to Hong Kong Island in the early morning light—at tall, angular glass and concrete buildings silhouetted against the background hills: exciting, modern, clean-limbed, glowing —and thinking of some of the things we have learned in the past week: That if there is one unifying factor at play in the area it is a wariness of Japan, which runs from outright hatred in Korea, against which Japan's sins are many, to fear of Japan's industrial might and its aggressiveness in business matters in Taiwan and Hong Kong. . . . That most American businessmen in the area, and a good part of the U.S. diplomatic establishment, favor President Bush's stand on continuing Most Favored Nation status for China on the grounds that higher tariffs would hurt the thriving and market-oriented southern Chinese provinces rather than the ideologically rigid north. . . . As a footnote to history we learn that Taiwan would have remained in the UN at least one more year had a Soviet functionary in New York not persuaded the representatives of Yemen, Qatar, and the United Arab Emirates to go shopping with him in White Plains the morning the critical vote was taken. All three had pledged to support Taiwan. . . . That, hard as it is to believe, at one weekend recently over one billion Hong Kong dollars ($7.8HK = $1U.S.) were bet on Hong Kong racetracks. . . . That the U.S. business community here favors establishment of formal diplomatic ties with Vietnam, which they regard as a wide-open market. The businessmen argue that Hanoi (sans the backing of the USSR and the PRC) is no longer a danger to

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its neighbors. . . . And finally that the recent violent upheavals in Thailand may be the beginning of Thailand's move toward democratization, following in the steps of Korea, Taiwan, and Singapore, where economic freedom preceded political reform. Unlike the Soviet Union, in these areas *perestroika* led to *glasnost*, not the reverse. —PLB

A Tribute to Robert Conquest

THE POET WHO WAS RIGHT

A warrior comes in from the cold, and receives his hard-won vindication.

CZESLAW MILOSZ

TO PAY TRIBUTE to an exceptionally worthy man is to realize once more that there is no equality in the republic of arts and letters. Its structure is strictly hierarchical. The first-rate is not equal to the second-rate, daring is not equal to cowardice, generosity of mind cannot be put on the same level as self-interest. Uncertainties that are obvious when we try to assess what is first-rate in art or writing constantly undermine the very notion of hierarchy. And yet life brings again and again the confirmation of its existence.

Mr. Milosz, who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1980, delivered this tribute at a dinner given by the Independent Institute in San Francisco.

The achievement of Robert Conquest becomes most obvious when we view it together with the behavior of his contemporaries, writers like himself, whether they are English, American, French, or Italian. For many decades of the twentieth century, the great majority of them observed certain rules, which seemed to them so obvious that they became second nature. To act against those rules would have been to violate powerful taboos. The penalty for non-conformity was not political but social, as it entailed a loss of status in the intellectual community. I have in mind, of course, an injunction forbidding one to speak the truth about the Communist system in the Soviet Union.

Robert Conquest, though he is the author of several scholarly books, is a poet, and I wish him much free time to pursue his true vocation, now that he has completed his task in the service of humanity by writing about the criminal nature of the Soviet state. In the history of modern poetry, Conquest occupies a permanent place as an initiator of the so-called Movement in England in the 1950s, together with Kingsley Amis, Dennis Enright, Donald Davie, Philip Larkin, and Thom Gunn. Being a poet myself and having lived in Paris in the Fifties, I am able to visualize the risk run by a

Telegrams from a Prime Minister and Three Presidents

When the history of the West's victory in the cold war comes to be written, a special place will go to Robert Conquest. His scholarship and eloquence have always been put to the service of a remorseless search for truth. Truth about Stalin's terror. Truth about the evil system which generated it—along with so much other suffering. Truth about the dangerous delusions so long entertained by so many in the West about the nature and intentions of the enemy.

. . . Now, as we struggle to rescue the newly liberated nations . . . from the wreckage of Communism, Bob Conquest's vast knowledge and deep understanding will be needed even more. —*Margaret Thatcher*

As millions of people around the world celebrate the collapse of imperial Communism and the emergence of independent states throughout what was once the Soviet empire, it is fitting that we salute a man who did so much to pierce the Iron Curtain and to uphold the light of freedom during the darkest years of the cold war. Through painstakingly researched and eloquently written articles and books, Dr. Conquest documented the horrors of forced collectivization and systematic repression in the Soviet Union. His works gave the world a clear accounting of "blank pages" in Soviet history and, in so doing, helped to energize the movement for human rights in that country and around the world. —*George Bush*

In books such as *The Great Terror* and *The Harvest of Sorrow*, Dr. Conquest revealed the prison cell that lay at the heart of Soviet totalitarianism. His intellectual courage in stating the facts helped buttress the physical courage of those citizens who struggled with them daily. Both poet and scholar, Dr. Conquest gave history a voice to speak above the lies, a voice that would only be satisfied with the overthrow of collectivist tyranny. —*Ronald Reagan*

Throughout his long and distinguished career, Dr. Conquest has written brilliant histories that throw the light of the truth on a dark past. His masterly works have helped to change the way in which the world viewed the Soviet Union and paved the way for its ultimate collapse. His works have made him a scholar of the first rank, and his historical courage makes him partially responsible for the death of Communism. —*Richard Nixon*

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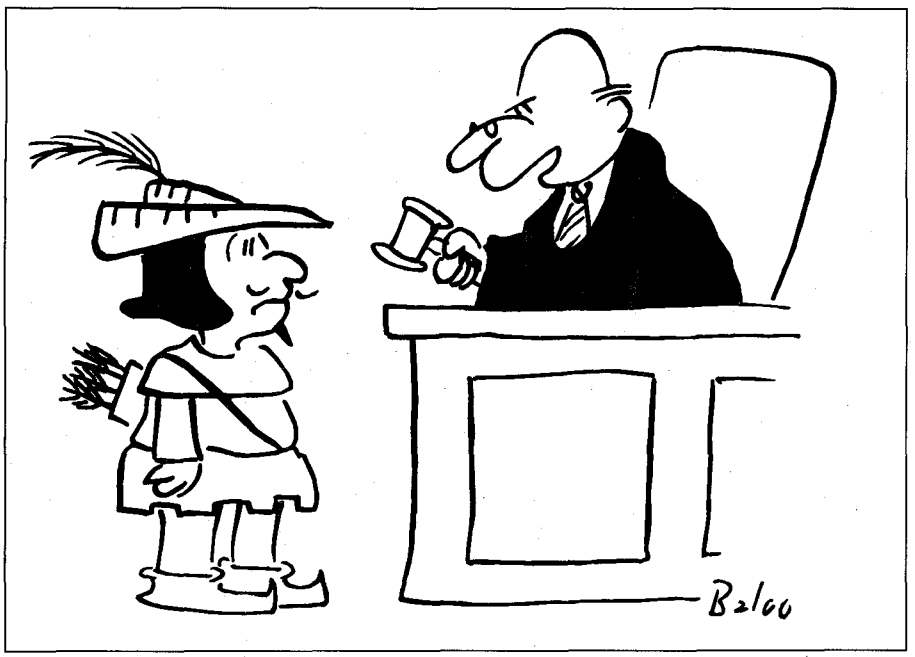
poet who transgressed against what was then considered politically correct. At that time Jean-Paul Sartre was leading a hideous campaign against Albert Camus, who dared to mention, in his book *The Rebel*, the existence of concentration camps in the Soviet Union. Robert Conquest's London must have been not very different in this respect from Paris. And even if I cannot compare my own contribution to the struggle against modern forms of slavery with Robert Conquest's voluminous œuvre, my experience is enough to comprehend the resistance he had to overcome in order to embark upon his investigations. Honesty compels me to add that several years after World War II, owing to the peculiar political situation in Poland, I practiced a compromise with my conscience. So what I say here may be interpreted also as the homage paid by vice to virtue.



"It just so happens that robbing the rich and giving to the poor is a government monopoly!"

Perhaps certain facts recede too fast into a merciful oblivion. The attitude of the overwhelming majority of Western *literati* toward the Communist state ranged from open adulation to silence about such facts as mass murders, mass deportations, artificial famines, and slave labor camps. Altogether it is one of the strangest phenomena in the history of our century and will certainly provide the subject for many analyses. A mythologized notion of progress led to equating the so-called socialism of the Soviets with the future of humanity.

Among the Soviet Union's admirers we find the most brilliant minds who just wanted to be deceived, to mention only Bernard Shaw, Romain Rolland, Jean-Paul Sartre, Pablo Picasso. Today it is more and more obvious that the long survival of the Soviet tyranny was to a large extent dependent upon maintaining, through a gigantic machine of disinformation, a pretense of humaneness. I remember an eminent American journalist assuring me that the works of Abram Tertz (the pseudonym of Andrei Sinyavsky) were not written in Moscow but fabricated abroad by anti-Communists. Yet the voices of Russian writers and scholars succeeded at last in reaching the world at large. Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* and the outspokenness of Andrei Sakharov punctured the pretense. And that was one of the main causes of the disintegration of the empire. It was indeed—to displease President Reagan's detractors—an evil empire.

The responsibility of many intellectuals in maintaining a conspiracy of indifference cannot, however, justify denigration of them as a social class or caste. For in Russia, although many were subservient, others started to rebel early. The fate of Boris Pasternak may be quoted here as an example. Also in the West, the cases of Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov found a tremendous response and advocacy precisely among writers and artists.

Robert Conquest's books follow a discipline of scholarly investigation, yet they are not detached, as detachment in dealing with the misfortune of millions of human beings would be callous. The very titles clearly indicate the contents. His *Power and Policy in the USSR* appeared in 1961. In 1962 Conquest published *The Last Empire*,* which looks prophetic thirty years later. The same year he published *The Pasternak Affair: Courage and Genius, A Documentary Report*. It was followed by *Russia after Khrushchev* (1965), *The Politics of Ideas in the USSR* (1967), *Religion in the USSR* (1968), *The Soviet Political System* (1968), *The Great Terror: Stalin's Purge in the Thirties* (1969). Soviet policy toward the nationalities, which is today being avenged by events, was treated first in *The Last Empire*, and later in *The Nation Killers: The Soviet Deportations of Nationalities* (1970), *Kolyma: The Arctic Death Camps* (1978), *The Harvest of Sorrow: Soviet Collectivization and the Terror-Famine* (1986), and *Stalin: Breaker of Nations* (1991).

People who dared, as did Robert Conquest, to stir the world's conscience were usually branded ultraconservatives, cold-warriors, etc. If that sort of activity were a privilege of the conservatives, they should be proud of their willingness to call a spade a spade. Yet among those members of the republic of art and letters who broke the conspiracy of silence were representatives of a wide political spectrum, including men of the Left like George Orwell, Arthur Koestler, and my late friends, the eminent Italian writers Ignazio Silone and Nicola Chiaromonte. An honorable company. And when I include Robert Conquest in it, I say to myself that the high qualities of that group probably outweigh the fallacies and aberrations that were otherwise so common among the intelligentsia.

I come from an area in Europe that was for a long time occupied by the Soviet Union. Whatever the future holds for that area—and we are not free of apprehensions—the horrors of the police state are ended. I have tried to reach public opinion in the West by writing about the plight of the country of my birth, Lithuania, and the country of my language, Poland, and, of course, I was respectful of those few

*Not to be confused with the collection of essays by the same title he edited in 1985.

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colleagues whose works promoted the cause of liberation. At this moment I am glad of the opportunity to express my gratitude to Robert Conquest. □

Supreme Court Notes

CHURCH, STATE, AND THE REHNQUIST COURT

The Court is doing what the Framers never did: build an impregnable wall between church and state.

ROBERT L. CORD

WHEN Clarence Thomas took his place on the Supreme Court, making the 1991–92 session the first one dominated by Reagan–Bush appointees, many expected the newly constituted Rehnquist Court to perform a historical re-examination of the doctrine of an "impregnable wall" between church and state. A suitable case was pending—*Lee* v. *Weisman*, in which the Court was asked to determine whether a non-sectarian invocation of God at the graduation ceremony of a public middle school in Providence, Rhode Island, violated the Constitution.

In a surprise 5 to 4 split decision handed down in June, the Court decided that it did. The key vote was most likely that of Justice Kennedy, who wrote the opinion of the Court. Kennedy's opinion several times asserted that the only issue before the Court was the constitutionality of prayer *in public schools*. The Court's decision was compelled, wrote Justice Kennedy, "[by] the controlling precedents as they relate to prayer and religious exercise in primary and secondary public schools."

The fountainhead of these precedents is a 1947 case called *Everson* v. *Board of Education*, in which the Court first maintained that the Constitution was intended to, and still does, require a virtually absolute separation of church and state. "In the words of Jefferson," wrote Justice Hugo Black for the *Everson* majority, "the clause against establishment of religion by law was intended to erect a wall of separation between church and state. . . . [t]hat wall must be kept high and impregnable. We could not approve the slightest breach." Although the justices in *Everson* disagreed (5 to 4) on the disposition of the case, all agreed that the Constitution required virtually absolute separation.

This doctrine was not challenged by any sitting Justice for 38 years—until Justice Rehnquist (now the Chief Justice), in a dissenting opinion in *Wallace* v. *Jaffree* (1985), called for a re-examination of all Establishment Clause case law beginning with *Everson*. Specifically, Rehnquist challenged the version of history promulgated in *Everson*, which all Court majorities since have used to legitimize their church–state decisions. For Rehnquist, the historical evidence was clear, that the Founding Fathers and the Framers of the First Amendment did not construe the Establishment Clause as absolutely prohibiting government from using sectarian means to reach constitutional secular goals. Rehnquist, in *Wallace* v. *Jaffree*, called upon the Court to consider carefully all the historical evidence, and finally to probate it, even if the outcome ran counter to the "impregnable wall" metaphor.

Nor was Justice Rehnquist a lone voice in the wilderness. In a subsequent case that term, *Grand Rapids School District* v. *Ball* (1985), Justice White, who also dissented in *Wallace* v. *Jaffree*, took the position that he too would be willing to review the Establishment Clause's history to see if it supported the sweeping prohibitions of *Everson* and its progeny.

Second Chance

IN *Lee* v. *Weisman*, the Court had the opportunity to inquire anew into the meaning and intent of the religion clauses of the First Amendment, examining the events that occasioned James Madison's introduction of the Amendment in the first House of Representatives in 1789. Several of the State Ratifying Conventions had urged greater protection of individual liberty, especially religious liberty. Specifically, the Maryland Ratifying Convention had proposed an amendment stating: "That there be no national religion established by law; but that all persons be equally entitled to protection in their religious liberty."

The Virginia Ratifying Convention proposed a "Declaration or Bill of Rights" as amendments to the Constitution, of which Article Twenty stated, among other things, "that no particular religious sect or society ought to be favored or established, by law, in preference to others." The New York Convention similarly declared: "That the people have an equal, natural, and unalienable right freely and peaceably to exercise their religion, according to the dictates of conscience; and that no religious sect or society ought to be favored or established, by law, in preference to others." Resolutions passed by the North Carolina and Rhode Island Conventions echoed Virginia's "Bill of Rights."

Madison's first draft of what ultimately became the Establishment Clause clearly reflects these specific concerns: ". . . the civil rights of none shall be abridged on account of religious belief or worship, nor shall any national religion be established. . . ." Even after Madison's draft was changed by congressional-committee deliberations, when he was asked in debate on the House floor what the reworded Clause meant, the House record indicates that Madison said that he "apprehended the meaning of the words to be, that Congress should not establish a religion, and enforce the

Mr. Cord, university distinguished professor at Northeastern University, is the author of Separation of Church and State: Historical Fact and Current Fiction *(Baker Book House, 1988).*

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legal observation of it by law, nor compel men to worship God in any manner contrary to their conscience. . . . [T]o prevent these effects he presumed the amendment was intended, and he thought it as well expressed as the nature of the language would admit." Further, Madison thought "that the people feared one sect might obtain pre-eminence, or two combine together, and establish a religion to which they would compel others to conform."

This evidence all supports the interpretation that the First Amendment was intended to forbid the establishment of a national church or religion, or the placing of any one religious sect, denomination, or tradition into a preferred legal status. It offers no support to those, like Justice Black, who claim that the First Amendment erected a "high and impregnable" wall between church and state.

Louder than Words

WHAT TRULY makes the Supreme Court's "original intent" arguments in *Everson* absurd is some of the words and deeds of the very people who wrote the religion clauses in the First Congress, and the actions of our early Presidents and Congresses.

If the basic purpose of the Establishment Clause was "to create a complete and permanent separation of the spheres of religious activity and civil authority by comprehensively forbidding every form of public aid or support for religion," as Justice Rutledge wrote in his dissenting opinion in *Everson*, then why did the first House of Representatives, after voting up the amendment, ask President Washington to issue a proclamation recommending to the people of the United States "a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging, with grateful hearts, the many signal favors of Almighty God"?

It was certainly not a commitment to absolute separation of church and state which led President Washington to issue the new nation's first Thanksgiving Day Proclamation. And it was not adherence to an absolute Establishment Clause when Presidents John Adams and James Madison also issued Thanksgiving Day Proclamations. (Jefferson did think they violated the Establishment Clause *and* federalism. Unlike his two immediate predecessors and Madison, his successor, he refused to issue them.) No commitment to absolute separation of church and state is evident in the First Congress when it set up a congressional chaplain system and voted a $500 annual salary for the Senate and House chaplains. Their principal duties were to offer audible public prayers in Congress. Did the authors of the religion amendment not know what it meant, or if they did, did they immediately proceed to violate it?

Further, no absolute interpretation of the principle of separation of church and state led President Thomas Jefferson to sign a tax-exemption bill for the churches in Alexandria County in 1802. And it was not an absolutist action when in 1803 Jefferson—one year *after* he wrote his famous "wall of separation" letter to the Danbury, Connecticut, Baptists—concluded a treaty with the Kaskaskia Indians which, in part, called for the United States to build them a Roman Catholic Church and pay their priest.

It seems axiomatic that the original principle of separation of church and state in the First Amendment must be one which reconciles the prohibitions of the Establishment Clause and the sectarian practices of the Republic's earliest Administrations and Congresses. A "non-absolute" interpretation of separation of church and state seems to do just that.

The crucial difference between an absolute separationist such as Justice Rutledge, and a non-absolute separationist such as Thomas Jefferson, has little to do with the goals of government. *Under our amended Constitution the goals of government must be secular*. On this point, I doubt that many constitutional scholars would disagree. Additionally, while the First Amendment initially prohibited a *national* religious establishment, the Supreme Court's incorporation of the First Amendment into the Fourteenth now similarly binds the states.

Starting with the First Congress, the concept of separation of church and state was, I believe, mainly addressed to the constitutionality of using *sectarian* institutions or activities associated with religion as *means* to achieve appropriate *secular* governmental goals. When the authors of the First Amendment requested President Washington to issue his first "Thanksgiving Day" Proclamation, they were pursuing a secular goal, hoping that Washington's action would help unite the nation behind the new government and the new Constitution. I submit that their intent is reasonably clear from the debate in the First House of Representatives and the content of Washington's 1789 Proclamation.

Similarly, I think that members of the First Congress voted for paid prayer in Congress because they were a religious people who thought prayer an appropriate means to reach the secular goal of enlightened legislation and policies yielding a prosperous nation and stable government.

When Thomas Jefferson thought it desirable to provide tax exemption to benevolent institutions, including churches, he did so because they were viewed as legitimate means of serving the community. And when Jefferson used the Catholic Church in the Kaskaskia Treaty to provide for friendship with those Indians and to get them to cede their lands to the United States, he did not see his act as impermissibly aiding religion.

One post-*Everson* decision that did recognize this point was *Marsh* v. *Chambers* (1983). In that decision, sustaining the constitutionality of the Nebraska legislature's right to a chaplain and public prayer, Chief Justice Burger, joined by Justices White, Blackmun, Powell, Rehnquist, and O'Connor, cogently argued:

> historical evidence sheds light not only on what the draftsmen intended the Establishment Clause to mean, but also on how they thought that Clause applied to the practice authorized by the First Congress—their actions reveal their intent. . . . It can hardly be thought that in the same week Members of the First Congress voted to appoint and to pay a Chaplain for each House and also voted to approve the draft of the First Amendment for submission to the States, they intended the Establishment Clause of the Amendment to forbid what they had just declared acceptable. . . .

Looking Ahead

EVEN THOUGH the graduation-ceremony invocation was declared unconstitutional in *Lee* v. *Weisman*, it is premature—for at least two reasons—to conclude that the Rehnquist Court will necessarily follow the Warren and Burger Courts' Establishment Clause jurisprudence.

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First, the majority opinion is an extremely narrow one based almost entirely on the 1962 "New York Regent's Public School Prayer" case (*Engel* v. *Vitale*) and the 1963 "Lord's Prayer and Bible Reading" cases (*Abington* v. *Schempp* and *Murray* v. *Curlett*). In *Lee* v. *Weisman*, Justice Kennedy makes clear that by deciding to uphold only these precedent cases, the Court was avoiding reconsideration of its decision in *Lemon* v. *Kurtzman* (1971), which established a prohibitive test of constitutionality: that the challenged governmental action must 1) have a secular purpose; 2) have a principal or primary effect that neither advances nor inhibits religion; and 3) not foster an excessive government entanglement with religion. Justice Kennedy's careful avoidance of *Lemon* probably means that there were five votes for ruling the public-school invocation unconstitutional but not five votes to reaffirm the validity of the *Lemon* test.

Second, the Court's majority opinion is so narrow that, Justice Kennedy specifically tells us, the Supreme Court was not required in deciding this case "to revisit the difficult questions dividing [it] in recent cases." Nor did the Court have to answer, Kennedy asserts, "questions of the definition and full scope of the principles governing the extent of permitted accommodation by the state for religious beliefs and practices of its citizens." In essence, I see Justice Kennedy saying that today the Supreme Court decides this case *only* and *does not rule* on any of the difficult church–state issues which have divided the Court and which still are open for reconsideration.

The lineup of the Court has changed since the *Wallace* v. *Jaffree* case in 1985. The dissent in *Lee* v. *Weisman*—written by Justice Scalia and joined by Chief Justice Rehnquist and Justices White and Thomas—indicates the willingness of four members of the current Court to embrace the historical evidence which would lead to a *narrower* definition of acts prohibited as "respecting an establishment of religion." Should this in fact be the case, any one additional vote will render an interpretation of the Establishment Clause that is much more in harmony with the words and actions of those who wrote it and added it to the supreme law of our land. □

Rap & Mr. Levin

JUST A SONG?

An artist's right to speak is inviolable—so long as his records sell.

CHARLTON HESTON

I'M HERE as a shareholder, but I speak as a private citizen and as the public artist I've been most of my life. I think I understand the rights and responsibilities of both identities.

I'm here to condemn this company's response to the growing clamor across the country against *Body Count*, the CD Time-Warner released some weeks ago. I'm not talking about Ice-T, the young black performer trying for his 15 minutes of fame. The little he's said about his lyrics has been contradictory. "Aw, that's just black street talk. It don't mean the same to whites." Then again, "I ain't never killed no cop . . . I felt like it a lot."

> "I personally would like to blow . . . police stations up. You know what I'm sayin'? If it was up to me, I'd burn the White House down, you know, 'cause I'm an anarchist. I'm ready to do this . . . but some people got to die, you know what I'm sayin'? If you ain't ready to spill no blood, then, you know, get out of here. You know what I'm sayin'?"
>
> *—Ice-T on home video during the L.A. riots, May 3*

I condemn the responsible officials in this company. Long after police groups across the country, the President of the United States, members of Congress, and major religious and media figures protested *Body Count*, Time-Warner began to ship CDs to disc jockeys in miniature black plastic body bags. Isn't that cute? A Time-Warner spokesman called this "a promotional gimmick." Is this the same clever executive who proposed as the cover art on another upcoming album a gunman lurking with an Uzi near the White House, waiting for President Bush?

In the end, of course, the buck stops at the top. At Gerald Levin. In the beginning, he could, probably honestly, have said, "Look, I don't have time to listen to rap lyrics. If some clown in the record division screwed up, we'll deal with it." Instead, since the CD was already successful, he tried to claim the moral high ground with protestations of Time-Warner's respect for the artist's creative freedom. Mr. Levin—come on. I've been doing this for a living all my life. I know, at least as well as you do, that an artist's creative freedom depends on the success of his last work and the demand for his next. All entertainment companies reject, alter, and cancel hundreds of artists' projects each year.

You also claimed the lyrics in *Body Count* were protected by the First Amendment. I know, at least as well as you do, that the right to free speech is not without limits, both public and private. I'm exercising my right of free speech this very moment, but I know, at least as well as you do, that it'll be a cold day in Hell before I'm offered another picture at Warner's, or get another good review in *Time* magazine.

Supreme Court Justice Holmes said it: Free speech does not include the right to yell "Fire!" in a crowded theater. The lyrics of "Cop Killer" go a lot further than that. They celebrate the murder of police officers. A year ago, you pulled country singer Holly Dunn's song, "Maybe I Mean Yes," out of release because some groups felt it might encourage date rape. Where

(Continues on page 53)

These remarks were delivered to the Time-Warner shareholders' meeting by Mr. Heston, whose autobiography will be published by Simon & Schuster in 1993.

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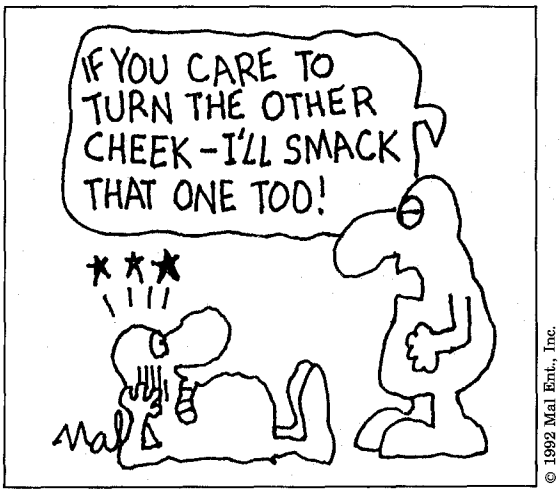
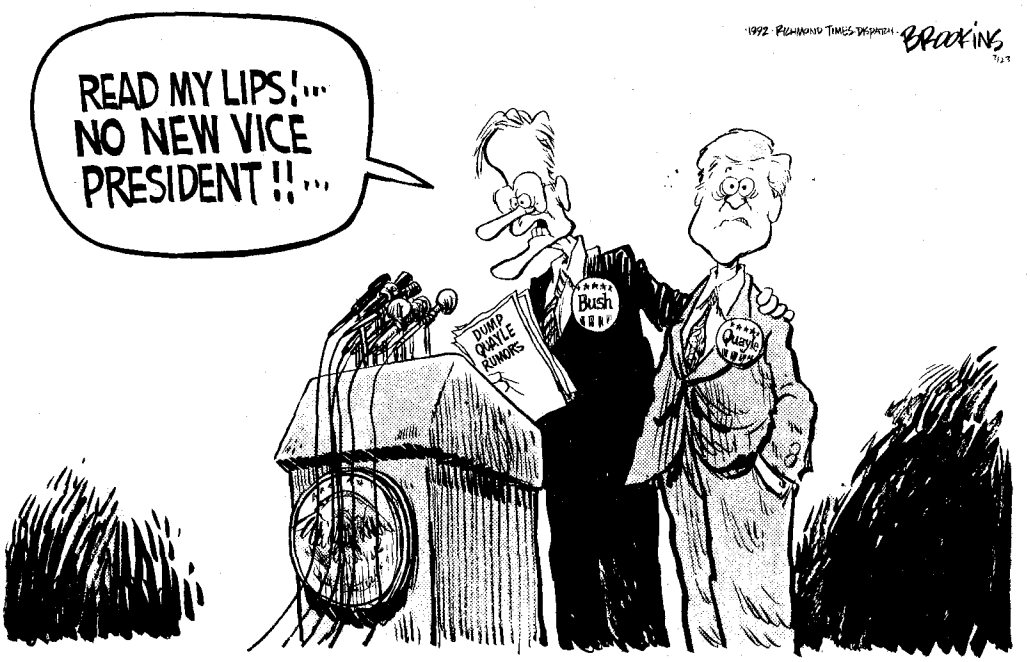
help!!!

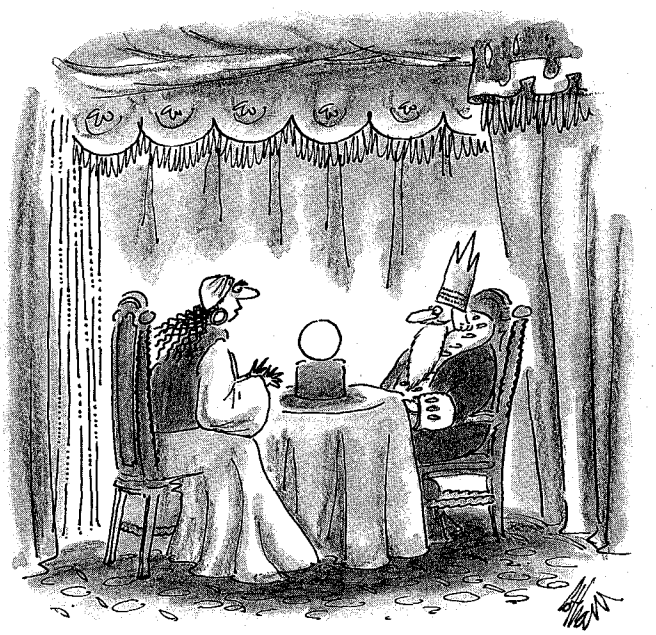




One Vote for Mr. McGoo

Though ophthalmologists despair
And oculists uproot their hair
As Mr. Bush's vision still
Draws blanks beyond the nearest hill,
It's time to rub a rabbit's foot,
Invoke the spirit world, and put
A hex on Mr. Clinton while
We vote for George and bravely smile.

W. H. VON DREELE



"Relax. I see no democracy in your future."

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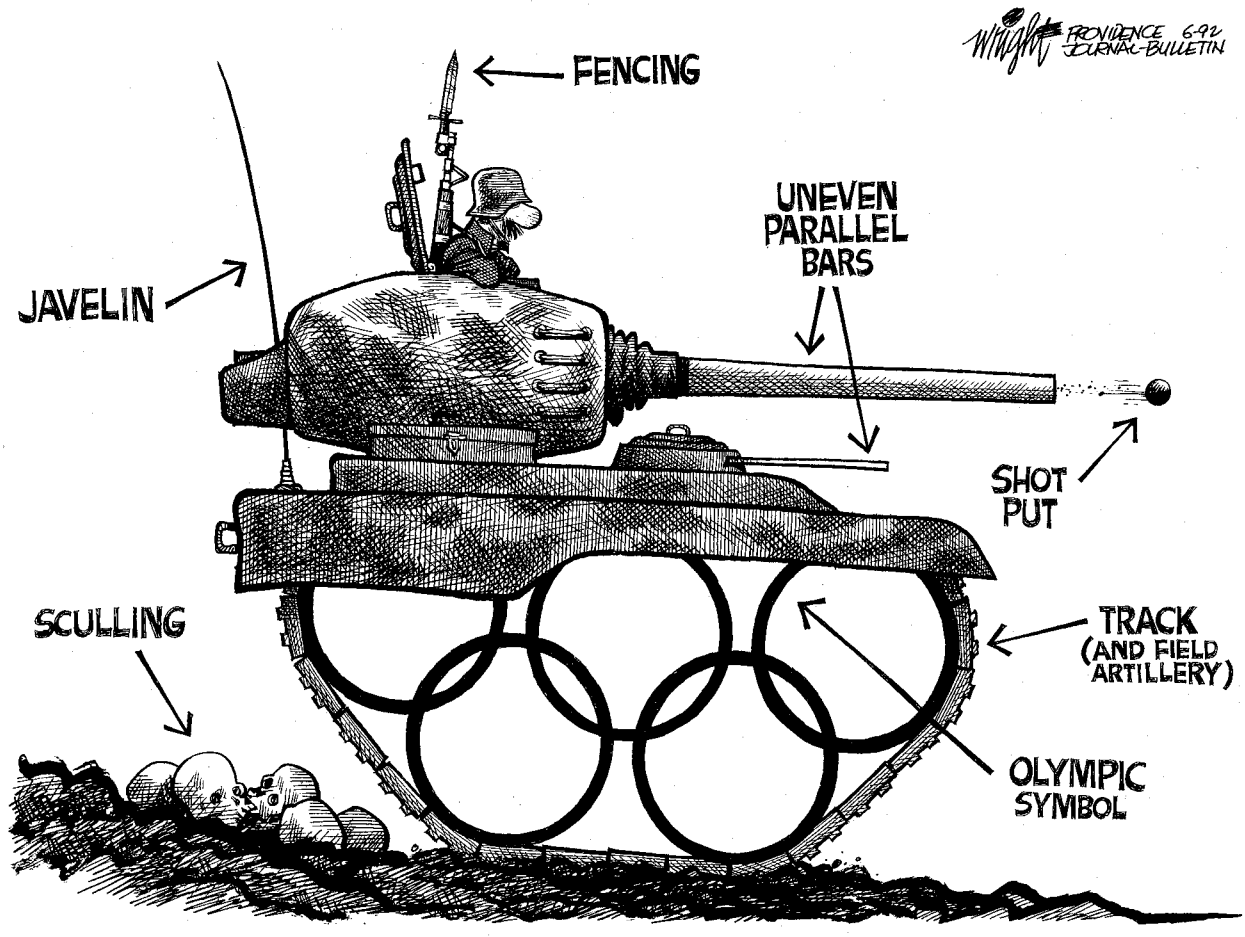
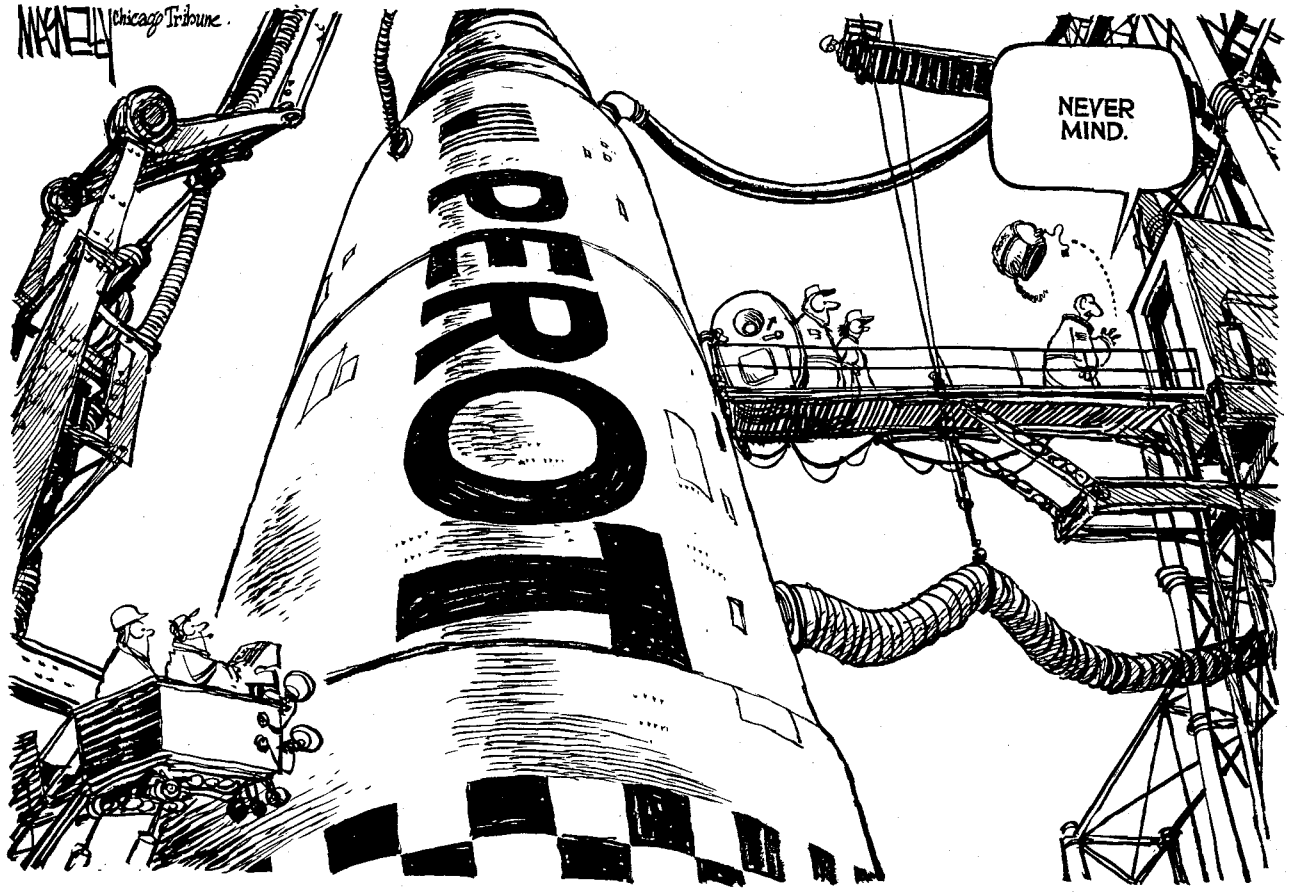


SERBIAN OLYMPIC TEAM



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The Axis Murders

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THE THRILLER, shocker, or mystery novel is a very flexible form. It can point a moral, expound an argument, convey all manner of specialist information: it can even be funny, although this is not recommended. There is, however, a great gulf between the thriller that offers incidental satisfactions while pursuing its proper purpose and the novel that, under the guise of a thriller, aims at something quite different. Publishers and literary editors tend, unfortunately, to be snobs, and pay more attention to so-called "literary novels" than to those, often much better written, books which they sideline as "genre fiction." It would make more sense if the literary novels were confined to a ghetto, since they are so plainly a minority taste. Some books do straddle the borderline—a dangerous position. Let us consider a pair of much publicized and ambitious novels which have the trappings of a thriller.

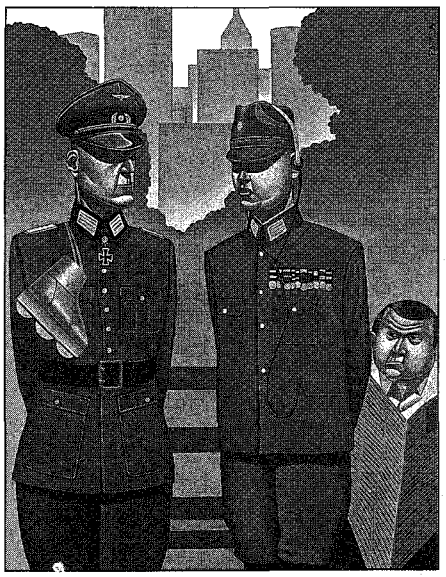
Robert Harris is described on the jacket of *Fatherland* as "a columnist for the London *Sunday Times*." In fact, he is an ex-columnist for the *Sunday Times*. When the Labour Party failed to win the general election this spring, he soaked his column so deep in tears that, as Oscar Wilde said about the death of Little Nell, only someone with a heart of stone could have failed to laugh: and, a few weeks later, he announced that he was giving up political journalism to concentrate on writing fiction full time.

***Fatherland*, by Robert Harris (Random House, 366 pp., $21)**

***Rising Sun*, by Michael Crichton (Knopf, 355 pp., $22)**

Although *Fatherland* centers on a policeman investigating a murder, it is by no means non-political. I suspect that Mr. Harris would disdain to write a straightforward mystery, and for the publishers to say, as they do, that this book puts him beside John Le Carré and Len Deighton is absurd. It belongs not even to a sub-species of the mystery genre but in a totally different category—the political fantasy or alternative-history novel.

Alternative *history*, not possible future. The most celebrated novels of the latter kind, such as *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and *When the Kissing Had to Stop*, were set, at the time of writing, in an all too possible future, against which, and against a political fashion tending toward which, the author sought to warn his readers. *Fatherland* describes a Europe where Germany has won the Second World War, but the time is not the present or the future but 1964. Mr. Harris seems to have chosen that date because he wanted the old issues, and indeed some of the main figures, of the war still to be alive. In doing so, he renders the suspension of disbelief harder and the moral, if there is one, less clear, but not for the sake of challenging received political opinion.



Roberto Parada

The story opens on the eve of Hitler's 75th birthday, when President Kennedy is coming to Berlin for an official visit which will herald a new era of détente. Xavier March, a mildly disaffected policeman with an honorary SS rank, is called to investigate the case of an unidentified body found in the river. His discoveries, made with the help of an American lady-journalist, lead to a revelation which, rather implausibly in the circumstances, threatens the whole regime. He is doomed, naturally (this being an ambitious novel, it cannot have a happy ending), but the girl escapes, promising that she will tell all to that ultimate arbiter of truth, even in an alternative world, the *New York Times*.

Any book dealing with events that we know didn't happen begins under a severe disadvantage. Making it interesting, amusing, or enlightening requires considerable imagination. Such unexpectedly angled points of view are lacking here. We are told very little about the long-term effects of a settled Nazi regime, and the nearest thing to a smile comes from a passing reference to Britain's King Edward and Queen Wallis.

Tension depends on the long wait (very long: this is a big book) to learn the dark secret behind the murder. Unfortunately the revelation is predictable; it concerns an incident familiar to anyone who knows much about the history of Nazi Germany. One atrocity, intended to freeze the blood, was actually the subject of a recent episode of *L.A. Law*, where it was treated with a more lively sense of moral dilemma. Genuine conflicts of loyalty, and an inadequately explained motive for the almost inconceivable enormity of the Holocaust, were features of the Nazi Germany that existed: a continuation of the Nazi regime would surely have exacerbated, or possibly modified, them. Such perplexities are not addressed.

The one certainty about any alternative history is that it would have turned out differently from a mere extrapolation of known events. The unexpected always intervenes; which is what gives room for imagination. If, in the summer of 1940, Hitler had announced—and meant it—that he had no further territorial ambitions, if he had made no move to cross the Chan-

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nel and had not invaded Russia, America would almost certainly never have been involved and Fortress Europe would have been impregnable. The outside world would, no doubt, have accepted the new German empire at least as readily as the world accepted Stalin's regime. How the situation might have developed is a proper enough subject. Or, leaving such profundities aside, *Fatherland* could, if rather oddly, have been simply a thriller. In the event, it hovers between the two. Perhaps, having abjured politics, Mr. Harris will now move into less portentous but more rewarding fields.

Michael Crichton's *Rising Sun*, which deals with the actual present of our other World War II enemy, is quite a different matter. Targeted, in the most aggressive sense, at the Japanese takeover of American industry, it skillfully exploits the current paranoia but contrives also to be a most effective thriller, paced like the Hollywood script it will doubtless become.

The narrator, Peter Smith, is a Los Angeles police detective assigned to liaison duties, dealing especially with the Japanese business community. When his attendance is requested at the scene of a murder during the celebrity-studded opening of a huge new commercial building, he takes with him an elderly semi-retired policeman, John Connor, who has lived in Japan and understands the Japanese. Discovering what really happened involves peeling away layers of deception and exploring the further reaches of Japanese technology.

The heart of the story lies in the curiously old-fashioned Holmes–Watson relationship between Connor and Smith; they are, Connor explains, *sempai* and *kohai*, parent-master and apprentice-son. Connor teaches, advises, and finally, like Spencer Tracy in *Bad Day at Black Rock*, indulges in a moment of immediately regretted but audience-pleasing violent action.

The adroit craftsmanship is the gloss on what highbrows might call a *roman policier à thèse* or lowbrows a message-thriller. Connor's primary function is didactic, leading to snatches of dialogue often so blatant as to recall those edifying works which Victorian children were supposed to enjoy. *Q:* Pray, Papa, who are all those yellow gentlemen in blue suits? *A:* They are Japanese corporate executives, my boy. *Q:* Papa, why do they all behave just like one another? *A:* Because, my boy, their culture resembles that of the ants or bees, about which, you will remember, I told you on a previous occasion. *Q:* Papa, why do they seem so unfriendly to us? *A:* Because they believe that business is war. *Q:* Papa, if they are making war against us, why are we not fighting back? *A:* A good question, my boy.

Mr. Crichton, in the form of Connor, scrupulously, even sympathetically, explains the ethics and psychology of the Japanese invaders, but leaves them appearing scarcely human. *Rising Sun*, beneath its cloak of sophistication, is not unlike the propagandist thrillers written about the Germans in the 1930s. The message is unequivocal. The Japanese, Mr. Crichton believes, are buying up the vital sources, not only of America's wealth, but of America's defense capability: and they are doing so by means that are grossly unfair by Western standards.

The book ends with a bibliography containing 41 titles. This must be reckoned a bad sign. Thrillers that aspire to be "more than just a thriller" generally turn out to be less. How many message-thrillers from the past are readable today? Possibly *The Riddle of the Sands*; little else. For the moment, though, *Rising Sun* is an exciting, as well as instructive, read.

One minor, or perhaps not such a minor, point. Why must the dialogue be so relentlessly full of casual obscenities? Does everybody in Los Angeles talk that way nowadays? Not in my experience. And it is not only Sherlock Holmes and Miss Marple who managed very well without bad language. So did Nick Carter and the Shadow, Sam Spade and Philip Marlowe and James Bond. No wimps they, surely? □

Father of Fun

GEORGE SIM JOHNSTON

DAVID LODGE is one of those prolific English novelists who finally make the lucrative transatlantic leap with their six or seventh novel. With the appearance of *Small World* in 1984 the American reading public became Lodge-conscious. Once they pick up on an Englishman like Lodge, moreover, American readers tend to remain loyal. This is probably because English novelists of moderate talent are so dependable. We know exactly what to expect from them, whereas it's anyone's guess what Roth or Mailer or Styron—authors who reinvent themselves with each new book—is going to do next.

***Paradise News*, by David Lodge (Viking, 293 pp., $21)**

Brand loyalty has its rewards. In Lodge's case, we can expect a comedy of manners set in a specific milieu (say, the English department of a university) which is thoroughly researched. Lodge's best novel, *Changing Places* (1975), was a hilarious sendup of modern academia which contained much absorbing information about the latest fads in literary criticism. His new novel, *Paradise News*, an account of a family errand that brings two Englishmen to the island of Oahu, has a similar wealth of detail about the vacation industry. Just as Sinclair Lewis had to set up a Bible-preaching school to get material for *Elmer Gantry*, so we can imagine Mr. Lodge hanging around travel agencies and Waikiki hospitality suites in order to get the details exactly right.

The story line of *Paradise News* is almost not worth mentioning. Bernard, an excommunicated English priest who has ceased to believe in God but still teaches theology, takes his father to visit a dying relative on Oahu. Once they are there, a minor family drama plays itself out. But when a buxom American matron crosses Bernard's path, the only question is, Can the former priest revive his long-suppressed libido?

The answer is on page 221: "'OK! OK! OK! Oh!' she gasped."

What brought Bernard to this pass, where it takes days of coaching on a hotel bed before he can join the ranks of adulterers? Readers of previous Lodge novels already have the answer:

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his Catholic upbringing. "Basically I was paralyzed with fear of Hell and ignorance of sex," Bernard informs us. Here we get to the heart of Lodge's "message," to the extent that he has one. It is that sex, not religion, is redemptive. Just as every D. H. Lawrence novel must have a scene in which a repressed English woman trembles before the "dark beauty" of an illiterate peasant, so in *Paradise News* we know from the start that the lapsed Catholic priest is going to discover that priapic abandon beats the sacramental order any day.

To make sure that we don't take this flight from God to hedonism lightly, Bernard the theologian gives us pages of serious lectures about the impossibility of believing in any religious creed. Despite the dropping of names like Barth, Tillich, and Rahner, these arguments are about as sophisticated as those of anti-clerical journalists a hundred years ago who asked how anyone in an age of steam engines and telegraphs could believe in God.

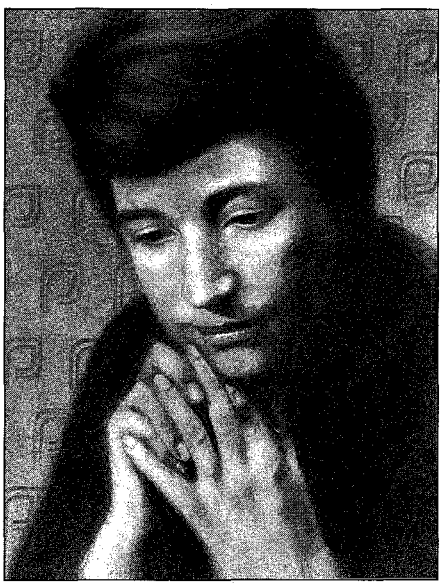
Since this is a novel, however, Lodge can have it both ways: he can do his best to persuade the casual reader that there are good reasons for doubting the existence of God, while not having to worry that any competent authority will bother to expose his non-sequiturs and dubious premises because this is, after all, only fiction.

I don't want to make too much of Lodge's shallowness, because he succeeds in the primary task of the novelist, which is to entertain. But it's too bad that he has opted to go flopping along with the spirit of the age, which detracts from his powers as a satirist. The promotional literature accompanying my review copy makes the inevitable comparison with Waugh; but Waugh's comedy is of a much higher order, not least because he had a firmly traditional faith, in opposition to modern tendencies. Waugh's novels provide nourishment along with laughs, while the author of *Paradise News* is merely being clever.

Still, the novel moves along with a pleasurable hum; turning its pages is as easy as listening to light FM. Lodge's eye for comic detail also remains as sharp as ever. You can take *Paradise News* to the beach, skip the theological bits, and ponder the bittersweet observations of a sea resort where everyone is strenuously trying to have fun. □

Heroine Addict

MICHEAL FLAHERTY



Mildred Lacica

DESPERATE for a galvanizing force to rally their troops, feminists have undertaken to revive Margaret Sanger, the founder of Planned Parenthood. All but forgotten since her death in 1966, Mrs. Sanger has enjoyed a renewed celebrity in the last two years. She was honored by *Life* magazine as one of the hundred most influential people of the twentieth century, and was also inducted into the Arizona Hall of Fame. More recently, her spirit was invoked by NOW President Patricia Ireland, who claimed, in protesting a Supreme Court decision, that she was acting "in the tradition of Margaret Sanger."

Woman of Valor: Margaret Sanger and the Birth Control Movement in America, by Ellen Chesler (Simon & Schuster, 639 pp., $27.50)

Ellen Chesler's new biography, *Woman of Valor*, is the latest step in this process of rediscovery. Miss Chesler is a feminist of impeccable credentials, and *Woman of Valor* the result of over a decade of research. This mammoth work cannot, however, justify its own bulk—or the life of its subject.

Miss Chesler has placed everything she wants the reader to know about Mrs. Sanger in chronological order, from her birth in Corning, New York, to her death in Tucson, Arizona, and she tells the story in relentless detail. The figure we see marching from cradle to grave is less a human being than a walking bag of names, dates, places, and quotations.

Yet it's easy to see what anyone might find compelling in this daughter of a socialist stonecutter, sixth of eleven children, who had her conversion experience—to the gospel of birth control—in 1912, and helped to revolutionize sexual habits worldwide. At 33, she was the wife of another socialist, William Sanger. A nurse by training, she was working among the poor of New York City's Lower East Side. There she met women who had attempted to perform abortions on themselves, and was so appalled by this dangerous practice that, in 1916, she opened America's first birth-control clinic, out of a storefront in Brooklyn. She was promptly arrested and jailed for a month, convicted of violating obscenity laws. On her release, she found herself a star of the rising feminist movement.

This is all sufficiently straightforward. What the book leaves out is Margaret Sanger's interest in eugenics. Miss Chesler fails to mention many of the most haunting phrases in Mrs. Sanger's landmark book, *The Pivot of Civilization*. Perhaps her most popular work, it addressed what she saw as troubling demographic trends, notably the growing number of "non-Aryan people" in the United States, who constituted "a great biological menace to the future of civilization." A mix of racism and class snobbery, the book admonishes readers to beware of "inferior races," whose members "deserve to be treated like criminals," and urges the "segregat[ion of] morons who are increasing and multiplying." Miss Chesler ignores most of this, though she quotes some of Mrs. Sanger's more sanitized utterances, such as "More from the fit, less from the unfit—that is the chief aim of birth control."

Not that Miss Chesler approves of such sentiments: "In Margaret's defense, however, this kind of intellectual tension was emblematic of the times." Lest the reader finish *Woman*

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of Valor with any lingering doubts, she writes: "Margaret Sanger was never herself a racist." Unfortunately, Miss Chesler's method of contextualizing historical figures is far from consistent. While excusing Mrs. Sanger's racism as a product of her time, she can, for example, decry Teddy Roosevelt as an alarmist who "gave credibility to supremacist social theory and to anti-immigrant prejudice."

Miss Chesler portrays the relationship between Margaret Sanger and the eugenicists as an alliance born strictly of political necessity, "to blunt the attacks of religious conservatives against her." According to Miss Chesler, Mrs. Sanger's fascination was simply a passing fancy. She makes no mention of the eugenicists on the lunatic fringe to whom Mrs. Sanger frequently gave a platform in her newspaper, *The Birth Control Review*. One such contributor to the April 1933 issue was Ernst Rudin, Hitler's director of sterilization and a founder of the Nazi Society for Racial Hygiene. Such oversights are odd in a book as heavy with scholarship (119 pages of notes, 26 of index) as this one.

Clearly Miss Chesler is not familiar with thinkers who are not of the Left. If she were, we might have noticed the parallel between Mrs. Sanger and Ayn Rand. Like the Nietzschean supermen that inhabit Miss Rand's novels, Margaret Sanger despised, as she put it, "government welfare programs for their failure to weed out the feeble-minded and unfit." She held religion in contempt and proudly adopted the Wobbly motto, "No Gods, No Masters," as her own. While married, first to Mr. Sanger and then to a successful capitalist named Noah Slee, she delighted in sharing herself with interested members of the intellectual elite —including, though not limited to, H. G. Wells and Havelock Ellis. She even enjoyed a close friendship with Frank Lloyd Wright, who inspired Miss Rand's *The Fountainhead*. These personal traits, combined with a selfish individualism and a myopic focus on a single goal, make Margaret Sanger the quintessential Randian protagonist.

But Ellen Chesler prefers worship to analysis. As she puts it in her introduction to this book, "Every woman in the world today who takes her sexual and reproductive harmony for granted should venerate Margaret Sanger." In Margaret Sanger, Miss Chesler has discovered the ideal feminist. So what if she had to go beyond the grave to find her? It's a fitting metaphor for a movement that already has one foot there. □

We the People

DAVID LEVY

JEFFREY BELL'S *Populism and Elitism* appears at an opportune moment. The emergence and popularity of Ross Perot—even given his abrupt departure from the presidential race—seem to signify not merely a widespread disaffection from the Washington political elites and the two great parties, but, more deeply, a desire among voters for a chance to choose as their leader a man whom, at least in some aspects, they can see as one of themselves. In the light of Mr. Bell's analysis of the increasingly, self-consciously populist cast of American politics since 1968, the rise of Perot, a political outsider who shares the values of the wider populace rather than the elites, is, if not predictable, at least consistent with deeper national tendencies.

Populism and Elitism: Politics in the Age of Equality, by Jeffrey Bell (Regnery Gateway, 202 pp., $21.95)

When historians write about politics they often analyze the present too much in terms of categories from the past. When politicians write about history the reverse is often true. Jeffrey Bell is a practical politician, who twice ran for the Senate himself and is a veteran of the presidential campaigns of Ronald Reagan and Jack Kemp. But while his interest is strictly political, concerned with charting the trends in American political and social life, he aims to set his analysis in a wider historical and geographical context. This ambition, and the insights in which his book abounds, set *Populism and Elitism* above the general run of political-analytical tracts.

This then is a book which comes out of the political world of Washington, but it is not a typical Washington book. Bell's broad historical perspective is sometimes a bit schematic and overly reliant on economic explanations of political change; while his attempt to see factors peculiar to American life as symptomatic of a wider worldwide current seems, to this foreigner at least, a little far-fetched. But that does nothing to diminish the challenge of his thesis.

This thesis takes a long- and a medium-term view. In the long-term view, Mr. Bell argues that the twentieth century is an essentially democratic age of political equality in which every claim to leadership must be justified in terms of popular legitimacy. This legitimacy depends on consent and, ultimately, on a consensus between the values of political leaders and those of the wider population. In the medium-term view, he argues that American politics since 1968 has been characterized, above all, by an increasingly obvious split between the values of the elite and those of the electorate. As a result, leaders who, like Ronald Reagan, reflect popular rather than elite values tend both to be widely liked and admired and to be consistently underestimated and even denigrated by the elites.

This analysis seems fair enough, and Bell makes good use of his scheme in explaining such phenomena as the long-lasting coexistence between a Republican-dominated Presidency and a Democratic legislature. He also applies it to the re-emergence of forms of political debate concerned not with the choice among means toward a consensually agreed-on political end but with so-called value issues, such as abortion, where disagreement is about ends rather than means. Bell traces these changes back to 1968, with the civil-rights legislation of that year, the disputes over the Vietnam War, and, not least, two events connected with the Democratic presidential campaign. In the division between popular and elite reactions to the Chicago riots during the Democratic Convention, he sees an early symptom of what has become a lasting division on issues of

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law and order; and in the assassination of Robert Kennedy he sees the fateful removal from the scene of the one leader of the majority party who seemed capable of combining popular values with a mastery of elite politics.

On this last assessment in particular opinions will differ, but one can hardly doubt Bell's broader claim that the events of 1968 marked a turning point, out of which emerged a political scene in which a value consensus between the elites and the electorate could no longer be taken for granted. Bell is perhaps at his best in describing the consequences of this turn. He is at his most challenging in suggesting that the increasing electoral significance of value issues, in the fields of both economic and social policy, is at last beginning to upset the always uneasy balance between political elites and the electorate they purport to represent. This presidential season has already shown us how far the balance has shifted. □

The Scroll Wars

JOSEPH BLENKINSOPP

FEW events of recent years have disturbed the peace of the academy as much as the discovery by Beduin, 45 years ago, of ancient Jewish scrolls in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea. In a *New Yorker* article of May 1955, Edmund Wilson gave wide currency to the thesis of an eminent French specialist, André Dupont-Sommer, that the scrolls published up to that time came from a community that anticipated many of the features of early Christianity and was founded by a certain Teacher of Righteousness who preached much the same message as Jesus, who met the same fate at the hands of his enemies, and whose followers expected him to return as judge and savior. While this sensational announcement was quickly repudiated by the specialists, rumors of disconcerting revelations from the unpublished material continued to circulate. In 1991 Michael Baigent and Richard Leigh published *The Dead Sea Scrolls Deception*, which claimed to uncover a Vatican-led conspiracy aimed at suppressing the publication of Qumran material opposed to such traditional Christian beliefs as the divinity of Jesus and the virgin birth. Nobody in the business took them very seriously, although the team of scholars to whom publication of the vast cache of material had been entrusted, including five Roman Catholic priests, had left themselves open to suspicions of this kind. This was not so much because of their less than impressive rate of publication (so far only about 20 per cent of the cache from Cave 4 has appeared), as because of their failure to make photographic reproductions available to their academic colleagues, a normal procedure in situations of this kind.

Understanding the Dead Sea Scrolls, edited by Hershel Shanks (Random House, 296 pp., $23)

The editor of *Understanding the Dead Sea Scrolls*, Hershel Shanks, has for some years been conducting his own guerrilla war to speed up the publication rate. Mr. Shanks is a lawyer and entrepreneur who launched the highly successful *Biblical Archaeology Review*, from which the articles in the book are taken. Since *BAR* is a popular, wide-circulation magazine in which many of the most distinguished Scrolls specialists have not published, his claim that the book is definitive and indispensable is off the mark. Mr. Shanks, himself neither a Biblical scholar nor an archaeologist, has included six pieces of his own, affording glimpses of the kind of unseemly haggling and academic in-fighting which have dogged the discovery and publication (or non-publication) of the Scrolls and fragments from the start.

The only member of the original publication team represented is Frank Moore Cross Jr. of Harvard, who writes on historical background and textual matters. Other articles focus on the community that occupied the settlement on the seashore near the caves in which the discoveries were made. Most identify them with the Essenes, a rather elusive sect which, according to the Roman naturalist Pliny the Elder, "is remarkable beyond all the other tribes in the whole world, in that it has no women and has renounced all sexual desire, has no money, and has only palm trees for company."

A section of the book deals with the so-called Temple Scroll, the longest at 27 feet, published by Yigael Yadin in 1977 following protracted and somewhat shady dealings involving an enterprising Arab dealer in Bethlehem and the TV evangelist who launched Jerry Falwell on his career. A German scholar, Hartmut Stegemann, argues implausibly that it is a long-lost sixth book of the Torah. Other articles deal with the contribution of the Scrolls to our knowledge of Second Temple and rabbinic Judaism. Kyle McCarter of Johns Hopkins writes on the Copper Scroll from Cave 3, a curious artifact containing a list of locations in which an enormous quantity of bullion, perhaps from the Temple treasury, had been stashed away.

Long before the chance discovery of the first scrolls there was speculation about the relation between the Essenes and early Christianity. In his 1916 novel, *The Brook Kerith*, George Moore presented Jesus as an Essene priest who got caught up in the political turmoil of the time, survived crucifixion, returned to his monastery in the wilderness, and in a chance encounter with Paul attempted to dissuade him from going around preaching the risen Christ. The judicious contribution to the volume of James VanderKam of the University of Notre Dame takes a very different line. He rejects recent scholarly views identifying the Qumran Teacher of Righteousness with James the brother of Jesus or John the Baptist and his opponent the Wicked Priest with Paul or, perish the thought, Jesus Himself. Most of the similarities, he maintains, can be explained without a theory of direct borrowing. These similarities are, notwithstanding, impressive enough. They include a sacred meal of bread and wine prefiguring the messianic banquet, baptism by immersion, property held in common, and an important role for overseers or bishops.

VanderKam is not the only one to focus on John the Baptist as a possible link between the Qumran sect and the early Christian movement. The line of continuity might look something

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like this. A one-time member of the Qumran Essene sect, John went his own way, preached the same message to anyone who would listen, and gathered around him his own following, including his cousin Jesus. As the fourth Gospel tells it, Jesus began to recruit His own disciples from the Baptist group, made his first public appearance immediately after John was arrested, and began to speak about his inevitable violent death after John's execution by Herod Antipas. The early Christian movement therefore began as a splinter group of the Baptist sect, itself a splinter of the Essenes. This is speculative, of course, but no more so than most of the conclusions arrived at in *Understanding the Dead Sea Scrolls*. And since all of the known contents of the caves are now at long last available in facsimile, readers who disagree can do their own speculating. □

FILM

Homo Preludens

JOHN SIMON

FANTASY is a tricky genre. It lends itself to conveying messages from inside what appears to be mere escapist fluff. But it is also susceptible of overinterpretation, symbol hunting, projection (psychological, not cinematic) when escapist fluff is all there is. And there is a third possibility, as in ***Prelude to a Kiss***, where a hidden agenda gratifies an in-group while eluding the uninitiated. You might call it subliminal subversion.

Prelude to a Kiss, written by Craig Lucas and directed by Norman René, began as an off-Broadway hit, was transferred to Broadway on the basis of Frank Rich's glowing review in the *New York Times*, and is now brought to the screen by the original team. Lucas and René had previously joined forces on *Longtime Companion*, a dubious film about AIDS in which people died rather too prettily, and the quick and the dead were eventually reunited in a rose-colored fantasy in the manner of an equally factitious heterosexual dud, *Places in the Heart*. *Prelude to a Kiss*, a faithful adaptation of the play, has a homosexual subtext kept deliberately elusive.

The story begins with the lightning love affair of two lovable yuppies: Peter, an editor in microfiche publishing, and Rita, who tends bar while aiming to become a graphics designer. The dialogue calls attention to the interchangeability of their names, sometimes pronounced Peter and Reeter, sometimes Pita and Rita. Something, too, is made of their similar tastes in food and drink.

They meet at a dance; soon Peter calls on Rita at her job, where their bar conversation is insufferably cute. He proposes marriage half-jokingly; half-seriously, she accepts. She invites him to her apartment; he makes sexually suggestive sweet-talk in Dutch, for he has spent ten years in polymorphously perverse Amsterdam. In Rita's pad, they become even cuter, though the "talking dirty" sequence from the play is cut. Rita coaxes out of

Alan Nahigian

Peter one of his favorite kinky-sex fantasies and eagerly agrees to oblige. Significantly, Meg Ryan never shows any flesh, whereas Alec Baldwin's bare torso, bedizened with something like a dark bearskin rug cunningly teased into tonsorial art worthy of Vidal Sassoon, is one of the camera's chief delectations, repeatedly lingered over.

In no time Rita takes Peter to meet her parents in suburbia. (The play's locale was New York; the film, presumably for greater grass-roots appeal, uses Chicago.) They are duly charmed. Soon there is an idyllic wedding on their Lake Forest lawn, smack against the waters of Lake Michigan, which Norman René and the currently In cinematographer, Stefan Czapsky (of *Batman Returns*, and others), shoot as if it were a painted cobalt backdrop. (Perhaps it was.) A strange old man, whom nobody invited or knows, comes up to kiss the bride. (The movie earlier showed us his grubby home life with his lower-class daughter and son-in-law, which sadly demystifies him.) At the kiss, there is a gust of wind, a change in the light, a sudden falling of leaves. The kissers have exchanged souls. Rita, in the dying Old Man's body, slinks back to the blue-collar home; the Old Man, frolicking in Rita's frame, is off with Peter on a Jamaican honeymoon.

Peter, having figured out what happened, becomes frantic; the pseudo-Rita, in a huff, goes back to "her" parents in suburbia. Peter haunts Rita's former bar, and there discovers the Old Man (Rita), in a scene that, for the *Times*'s Vincent Canby, enriched, in the stage version, everything before and after it: "It was the heart of the matter . . . a love so rare and profound that it transcends physical decay and imminent loss. Not incidentally, it was also a poignant reflection on the trials of love in the era of AIDS." This is, essentially, the Frank Rich interpretation; Lucas and René have spoken of the immateriality of the body, where only soul matters. Forget all this. The point is not the Old Man's lung cancer or AIDS or the transmigration of souls, but that Rita has been transmogrified into a man, and that a heterosexual love must adapt to homosexuality. We see Peter and the Old Man hug, kiss, and keep house together; but, we are told, they do not make love. That would give away the show.

For everything in the film works to obliterate the difference between the sexes. Peter's "dirty" fantasy involves "someone . . . who might just happen to be around the apartment," etc. —strictly non-gender-specific. Elsewhere, Peter extols his love partner's (mark the choice of words) "soft, dark, wet whatever." Or take this bit of dialogue between Peter and the Old-

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

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Manified Rita: "OLD MAN: Does he know you know? PETER: Does he? Yes. OLD MAN: She. PETER: Whoever. Yes, I think, yes, she does." The melting together of pronouns and genders is total. Later, the Ritaized Old Man explains how it all began: "I wish I were that young groom starting out. Or the bride, for that matter. I'll kiss the bride. I'll be the bride." What heterosexual male wants to be the bride?

My point isn't that *Prelude to a Kiss* doesn't have the right to be homosexual propaganda; only that it has no right to do this in the guise of a heterosexual love story. And it does not help that the writing is chichi and the direction pedestrian. Even the title, a quotation from a pop song, is inept: what we get is not the prelude, but the postlude to a fateful kiss. Canby goes on: "The same dialogue that served well enough on the stage now sounds arch and coy or metaphysically flat." It sounded just as arch and coy and flat on the stage. The casting, however, was better. Mary-Louise Parker's Rita was sexier, more piquantly strung-out than wholesome Meg Ryan; and Barnard Hughes was a more likable, touching Old Man than Sydney Walker. This made for a more evenly matched emotional tug of war. But it never was anything but junk.

■ ***The Best Intentions*** is Ingmar Bergman's account of his parents' precarious courtship and toilsome first decade of marriage. As directed by Bille August, the Dane who gave us *Pelle the Conqueror*, it won the Grand Prize at Cannes, a prize gravely compromised by the likes of *sex, lies, and videotape*, *Wild at Heart*, and *Barton Fink*. This time the jury did not fink out, though the film does have its problems.

The work, initially a six-hour TV mini-series, is now edited down to a three-hour movie, pretty much as was the case with one of Bergman's masterpieces, *Scenes from a Marriage*, which, however, was no longer a masterpiece in its final 158-minute trimming. *Fanny and Alexander*, the last solo cinematic venture by Bergman, similarly suffered from shrinkage. *The Best Intentions*, whose full-length version I haven't seen, does not exactly feel like *disjecta membra*, which is good; but neither does one feel the steady presence of the *poeta*, which is not so good.

After many troubles with social inequality, ill health, family disapproval, and a rival relationship, the upper-class and snobbish (but otherwise charming) Anna Åkerblom marries the impoverished, tormented, indecisive Henrik Bergman, first a starveling divinity student, then a minister who takes his bride to a godforsaken northern parish, where he becomes the assistant pastor. They have their contretemps and even major fights, but they stick it out through the birth and childhood of a son, and are expecting another child (the future Ingmar), when an offer comes from the Queen (a splendid cameo by Anita Björk) for Pastor Bergman to become chaplain of the Royal Hospital. Henrik refuses to leave his working-class parishioners, whereupon Anna leaves *him*. But there is a final reconciliation.

It is instructive to compare *The Best Intentions* with that other scrutiny of a conjugal minefield, *Scenes from a Marriage*, and so figure out the reasons for the current shortfall. The easy (and insufficient) answer would be that Bergman is a better director than August; but *Pelle the Conqueror* was no mean achievement without any help from Bergman.

The main problem is that there is not much change in either Henrik and Anna or their circumstances as they lead to an ending predictable for anyone with the slightest knowledge of Bergman's life. The only real conflicts involve Nordenson, an atheistic manufacturer who does not want his daughters confirmed, and a strange young boy, Petrus, who seeks shelter from a harsh family with the Bergmans, but to whom Anna cannot really warm up, especially when her second child is on the way. In the three-hour version, at any rate, neither of these plot elements achieves sufficient dramatic stature. In the uncut version, the political struggle of the exploited factory workers, barely touched upon here, and the more fleshed-out presences of colorful townfolk may have enhanced the atmosphere and texture.

And whereas *Scenes* enjoyed the freedom of fiction, *Intentions* is saddled with the constraints of biography. In the cut version, moreover, the colorful lesser members of the Åkerblom clan get much less of a chance to add to the film's ambience and aroma. Even the kind but ailing paterfamilias, beautifully played by Max von Sydow (whose very face seems to have so filled up with lived and acted experience that it is an eloquent scenario in itself), is here shortchanged. Ghita Nørby, the Danish actress playing Anna's mother, comes off best, but in a rather monochromatic role. The delightful Lena Endré, who plays Henrik's supposedly older, working-class mistress, inappositely looks (and probably is) younger than the heroine.

Samuel Fröler, as Henrik, is not a bad actor, but must, without much personal magnetism, play a rebarbative personage. As for Pernilla August (Östergren before she married the director, when she dazzled us on the New York stage with her Ophelia and Nora), she is saddled with a role nearly too noble. And, though neither pretty nor young enough, she has such talent, presence, and inner beauty as to unintentionally overshadow her partner. One misses the complex, evenly matched characters and performers of *Scenes from a Marriage*. Still, there are the achingly authentic psychological details, the intricate social and gender balances and imbalances, and the striking land- and cityscapes poignantly photographed by Jörgen Persson (who did such masterly work for Bo Widerberg's movies): enough to make this a rewarding, adult movie, a rare thing in our era of infantilism. □

MANNERS IN MANHATTAN

Vanity Fear

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

ON A RECENT Wednesday I arrived late at our magazine-league softball game—I missed the first three innings, but was in time for the stoning. The Decade of Neglect had caught up with me.

NR's opponent was *Vanity Fair*, another member of the league which plays on summer evenings in Central Park, on the ball fields above the Reservoir. These games are for the most part sweetly peaceful events, in which

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it's okay to play no softball at all and instead hang around drinking lite beer. When a breeze crosses the grass, it's an urban idyll.

This time the idyll was interrupted by a group of 15 or so kids on the opposite softball diamond—teenagers who, had things gotten seriously violent, would have been described later by the local news as "youths." In the coded language of our day, there are of course no white "youths"—only black and Hispanic ones. The trouble started when these youths, who were Hispanic, began catching our fly balls and shouting obscenities at our mailroom chief, Derek O'Ferrall, who is Irish by background and not to be trifled with. When they began throwing rocks, we journalists canceled the game and retreated for safety. To the writers and editors from the orthodox liberal *Vanity Fair*, the natural response was to blame us conservatives. It was one of those classic moments.

The build-up took about twenty minutes. At first, Derek had tried stampeding the youths back into their own diamond. But seeing the appalled expression on the faces of our genteel sporting opponents, who looked very much upper-middle-class and included one man in a ponytail, other *NR* staffers held him back. We were making it clear that, whatever the provocation, we would observe the rules of the editorial table.

Shortly after that, we noticed that the youths had halted their own game, and a rumor started that one of them had a gun in his athletic bag. Taking a position in right field during the sixth inning, Derek set his own athletic bag near his feet. We knew Derek didn't have a gun, but hoped the youths would be fooled. Later I wondered, vaguely, why an athletic bag should be presumed to contain some form of firearm. But then I'm not from New York.

"Oh that's really smart," said one of the *Vanity Fair* people, "getting into a rumble with a bunch of 15-year-olds from the projects." When a youth threw a hardball that landed in the middle of the *Vanity Fair* crowd, one of them, a young woman, asked Mark Cunningham, our articles editor, who was standing idly nearby: "Can't you just leave them alone?" By this time

Mr. Klinghoffer is NR*'s Associate Literary Editor.*

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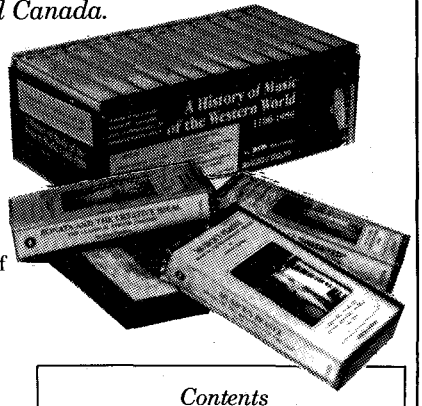

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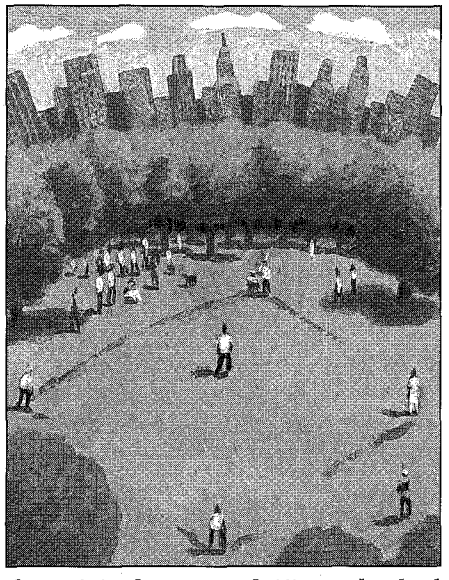

Chris Miles

the original group of 15 youths had been joined by another 10 or so. The first rock missed the head of *NR*'s economics writer, Ed Rubenstein, by six inches. Thinking he had been buzzed by a large fly or bee, Ed swatted irritably at his ear. "Hey," he realized a second later, "that was a rock." Soon one *NR* staffer had been hit on the chest, raising a welt that lasted through the next week. Another was hit on the chest and on an arm.

"I can't believe you're starting this problem," said a *Vanity Fair* woman as she stalked past me in left field. It seemed like a point almost too obvious to make that, in fact, none of us had started anything. When a bunch of youths disrupt your game with curses and pilfered fly balls, the normal instinct is to shoo them away: with words, then if necessary with gestures. Except that, in New York City, to act in a normal way in the presence of certain teenagers is to take your life in your softball mitt.

With rocks falling, I thought about the riot in Los Angeles. A couple of months ago, in "The Week," *NR* compiled a list of the instant clichés coined by liberal journalists, all purporting to explain the event and all blaming the Reagan Administration and its supporters—that is, us—for the violent acts committed by numbers of Angelenos against Korean deli owners and passing drivers. What L.A. represented was a "wake-up call" for America, America with its "legacy of racism," a rebuke to conservative Republicans responsible for the "war on the poor," alternatively referred to as the "12 years of neglect," or the "Decade of Neglect." To most liberal commentators, the rioters themselves remained mere instruments of circumstance. In the words of that *Vanity Fair* staffer, they were "kids from the projects" from whom one expects nothing better.

In announcing their verdict, the jurors in the Rodney King case could not have imagined what their decision would lead to. For their naïveté, they would later find themselves portrayed by the media as the secondary villains of the riot—boobs manipulated by the rhetoric of Ronald Reagan and George Bush, the primary villains, who had prepared the stage for mayhem. "Why," staffers at *Vanity Fair* must have wondered among themselves, were the jurors "starting this problem?"

In his new book *Populism and Elitism: Politics in the Age of Equality* (reviewed on p. 43), Jeffrey Bell writes that America has ceased to be a country split between conservatives and liberals. Like Dan Quayle, he argues that the real divide is now between representatives of popular opinion and representatives of (self-anointed) "elite" opinion. The populists elected Ronald Reagan, according to Bell, while the elites view both Reagan and Quayle with loathing. The elites in the media tended to absolve the L.A. rioters, while the mass of Americans saw things differently. What you had then, on this softball field in Central Park, was an American microcosm.

As we all made our way that evening toward the park's East 95th Street entrance—covering our skulls with our softball mitts, eager to get into the anonymous mass of white people on Fifth Avenue—a *Vanity Fair* staffer sneered, "Next time you want to start a brawl, don't call us." With that warning in mind, most of our team went home to the non-elite boroughs of Queens and the Bronx. If there was a man or woman from *Vanity Fair* who left Manhattan Island, I'll give you the mitt off my head. □

DELECTATIONS

The Tomato as Endangered Species

LINDA BRIDGES

AS THE Earth Summiteers were going on about biodiversity in Rio, an ominous story was surfacing here at home: the genetically engineered tomato.

Conventional plant scientists have been trying for decades to square the circle—to produce a tomato that could be picked and shipped efficiently and cheaply and that would be acceptable to potential buyers. (Some have even tried to cube the sphere—there was talk a few years ago of breeding a flat-sided tomato that wouldn't roll off assembly lines.)

The problem is that tomatoes are relatively fragile; if they're ripe, or close enough to finish ripening on the window sill, they need to be handled carefully, which means more manpower and higher cost. The cheap way is to pick them hard green and then gas them to turn them artificially reddish. The new bio-engineered tomato would supposedly solve the problem in a different way: it would resist rotting even when ripe, and so could be picked later and still be shipped long distances.

The engineers admit the new tomato won't taste as if it had just come out of your garden, but say it will be much more like a real tomato than the gassed version. The danger is that the nearly good and sturdy would drive out the delicate but potentially superb, so that the next generation would not even know what a real tomato was like, or why aficionados await fully ripe tomatoes as eagerly as the first baby beets or strawberries or sweet corn.

What *is* a real tomato like? Start with the outside. A ripe tomato is not iridescent pink; it's a rich, warm red, on the yellowish rather than the bluish side of the range of reds. It is yielding to the touch, not hard like an apple; throwing a gassed tomato at a politician would amount to assault with a deadly weapon. And you can smell it even through the skin—indeed, on a hot August day at the greenmarket, the tomato-seller's tent is almost as intoxicating as the raspberry-seller's. When you cut into it, it

Miss Bridges is NR*'s Managing Editor.*

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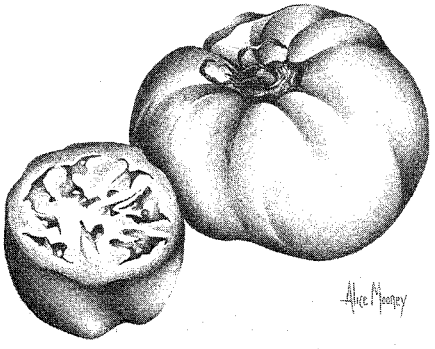
will be that same warm color all the way through, not white in the middle (if it hasn't fully rounded into late-August form, there may be a bit of yellow around the stem, but that can easily be cut out). The flesh will be smooth, not mealy. It will breathe the warmth of the summer sun.

This paragon is not wasted even on dishes that can be made with inferior specimens. But for two months of the year (or three, or four, depending on where you live and what the weather is like that year) you can run in all those dishes that really depend on the best and the ripest. For example, the version of scallops provençale in which the barely heated chopped tomato needs to hold its own next to a pool of garlic butter. Or *filetto di pomodoro*—a quick-cooked tomato sauce for pasta in which the tomato is left rough-chopped instead of being puréed in a foodmill. Or *salade niçoise*. Or any other salad involving tomatoes—one of



Alice Mooney

the best being also the simplest: rough-chopped tomatoes and basil, dressed with nothing more than olive oil and a little salt and pepper. (I first encountered this in the home of a friend who is an avid gardener as well as a fine cook. When I exclaimed over it, she said in her brisk New England way, "Why, it's just tomatoes and basil." Ah, but what basil, and what tomatoes!) Or, saving arguably the best till last, sliced tomatoes topped with sliced mozzarella and dressed with olive oil, the mozzarella made of the milk not of cows but of *bufala*, the water buffalo of southern Italy.* There's only one drawback to preparing this dish as stated, and that is that you'll have to stop ordering it in restaurants. Almost none of them—even very good ones—will do it half as well as you will.

But there are still those eight or nine or ten months in which you must do without, or plan in advance. Marinara sauce freezes very well, and is worth making up in quantity when the tomatoes are plentiful and good. The restaurateur Tony Piovesan, in the Italian ski resort of Cortina d'Ampezzo, serves his guests wonderful, fresh-tasting tomato sauces all winter long, not by importing tomatoes from the southern hemisphere but by canning them himself in the summer. His have none of that stewed-tomato taste of commercial canning.

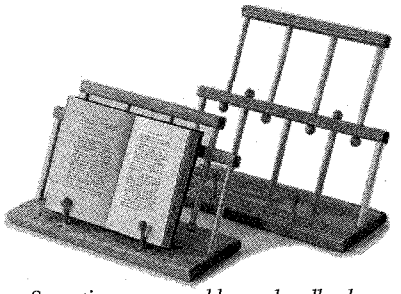
Notwithstanding that taste, most Italian cookbooks will counsel you to use canned tomatoes during the off-season. I prefer to take my chances on the best the greengrocer has to offer, sticking to dishes where the quality of the tomato is not crucial. It's useful to know that salt brings out whatever flavor these pink tennis balls may have, so dishes containing anchovies and olives are likeliest to turn out well.

In this year of Christopher Columbus, we should remember that tomatoes are among the many plants that originated in the western hemisphere, were taken to Europe as novelties in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and became an integral part of the cuisines of all the areas along the northern coast of the Mediterranean. Their emigrants brought the new dishes back to our shores, value added.

For the Mediterranean peoples discovered the affinity of the tomato for olive oil and basil; indeed, tomatoes and olive oil are to the South what dairy products are to the North. Think of all the pairs of dishes that are structurally very similar, but a world apart in taste: *blanquette de veau* and veal Marengo, chicken Vallée d'Auge and chicken provençale, scallops parisienne and scallops provençale. (Even in our country we see some of this: New England versus Manhattan clam chowder, shellfish with drawn butter in New England and in jambalaya in New Orleans.) This differentiation was probably a matter of taste as much as of necessity, though it's true that tomatoes will thrive where cows do not, and vice versa. But certainly it became an important part of regional

*Several readers have justly taken me to task for referring ("On the Veldt," May 25) to the large, fierce beast found in South Africa as a water buffalo, when in fact it is the Cape buffalo. But this time I really mean it. See Giuliano Bugialli's *Foods of Italy*, p. 253, for an evocative picture.

Higher Reading



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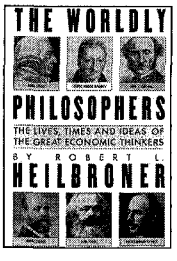

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traditions. It would be as hard to imagine Provence or the Amalfi Coast without tomatoes as to imagine Normandy without butter and cream. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Life of the Parties: A History of American Political Parties, by A. James Reichley (Free Press, 467 pp., $27.95)

ELECTION campaigns end with a lot of what-ifs. This time around, what if Ross Perot had stayed in the race, and won? His assortment of followers—half from the Right, half from the Left—would have filled the new Administration's appointive positions, while Congress was welcoming its 150 or more new members, most elected on their outsider credentials and beholden only to their constituents and God. The author says such a situation would ensure "paralysis" as we've not experienced it before, and he makes a spirited case for reviving the sagging fortunes of the major parties. Today, pervasive television and the growing power of interest groups have weakened both the parties and government in general, Reichley contends. To remedy the former, he wants to require every television and radio station to set aside a certain amount of prime time during the campaign season for use by the parties. As for the latter, he would outlaw political-action committees. He also favors voter registration by party identification and primaries open only to party members. There's more to his case, and he argues it well. If his prescription for regenerated parties will replace career legislators and axe-grinding interests with "citizen legislators" motivated by a sense of public duty, let's give the patient a dose.

—PETER HANNAFORD

Intellectual Memoirs: New York 1936–1938, by Mary McCarthy (Harcourt, Brace, 114 pp., $15.95)

DESPITE its title, this final installment of Mary McCarthy's memoirs has nothing to do with her intellectual life. It is mostly a catalogue of her sexual adventures, a catalogue that bears a striking resemblance to Homer's catalogue of Achaean ships in the *Iliad*. In her 1936–38 phase, the most remarkable feature of her relationships is that she does not understand why she entered into them or why she abandoned them. Among countless affairs, there was one with a pleasant editor at *The New Republic*, whom she would have married had she not met and slept with Philip Rahv, editor of *Partisan Review*. But then she met Edmund Wilson, and after a drunken tryst on his couch, found herself married to him. She can't explain why, since she didn't love him and they fought like tigers. Wilson persuaded her to write fiction, which was a mistake. Her only readable book is her academic satire, *The Groves of Academe*. For the rest, her novels try to make up for lack of imagination with interminable lists of clothes, gardens, food, drinks, etc. Miss McCarthy's intellectual and emotional carelessness are both startling. Thus she joined the committee investigating Stalin's conviction of Leon Trotsky—by accident. Meanwhile she records that she once had sex with three men on the same day. Was that by accident too? There is a pattern here this opaque woman could not discern.

—JEFFREY HART

The Emperor's Last Island: A Journey to St. Helena, by Julia Blackburn (Pantheon, 270 pp., $22)

NAPOLEON'S time on St. Helena is a story often told, but rarely as vividly as in Julia Blackburn's account. Ironically, it is the story of barren time, the passage of a "future that has no visible landmarks." In a careful excavation of diaries, letters, relics, and myth, Miss Blackburn recreates the trappings of imperial captivity, the poignant absurdity of the court in exile, and the mortal boredom of a man waiting to die. We watch the emperor pacing the wind-rocked rooms of Longwood, sitting for hours in his metal bath, staring at his trophies, and contemplating the dark at the end of the tunnel: "Napoleon called O'Meara to him and asked, 'Doctor, can you give sleep to a man who cannot sleep?' " This is also the story of the island and the author's own journey to its shores. In her refreshingly imaginative, even whimsical style, Miss Blackburn weaves the past and the present, the historical and the personal in a web that captures an old soldier before he faded away. Unfortunately, she finds herself unable to let him do just that. Long after the Emperor has taken his final bow, she has us loitering in the empty theater, diluting the effect with postmortem trivia. —JENNIFER GROSSMAN

Impostors in the Temple: American Intellectuals Are Destroying Our Universities and Cheating Our Students of Their Future, by Martin Anderson (Simon & Schuster, 255 pp., $22)

IN THIS latest book on higher miseducation, Martin Anderson rightly explains that the real problem is not "political correctness" but its tolerance by non-politicized faculty and administrators. As further evidence of decline he cites the widespread practice of using graduate students as instructors; the pretense that academic publications are important; and the tolerance of sexual liaisons between professors and their students. A former advisor to Presidents Nixon and Reagan, Anderson argues that intellectual integrity has been retained only by the small, untenured band of intellectuals whose incomes depend on the market—think-tank fellows, magazine and newspaper columnists, authors and editors of policy-oriented books. It would seem to follow that we should find ways to make the overwhelmingly socialized monster of American higher education more accountable. Voters might take an interest in how their taxes are spent: state governments provide nearly 60 per cent of the funding of state universities, and the Federal Government provides 20 per cent of the funding of private institutions. And consumers of education might try to become better-informed. Oddly, Anderson comes to a different conclusion. Trustees, regents, and the like have the ultimate legal responsibility for educational institutions, and therefore he fixes the blame on them. "Trustees," he writes, "just don't like to do what should be their main business." But Anderson's solution, which is to add more academics to these governing boards, would only exacerbate the problem of the self-governing academy's unaccountability. Fortunately, he does not stop there. He offers the reader ten additional concrete recommendations—from eliminating tenure to prohibiting student teaching—each of which deserves serious consideration. —THOMAS SHORT

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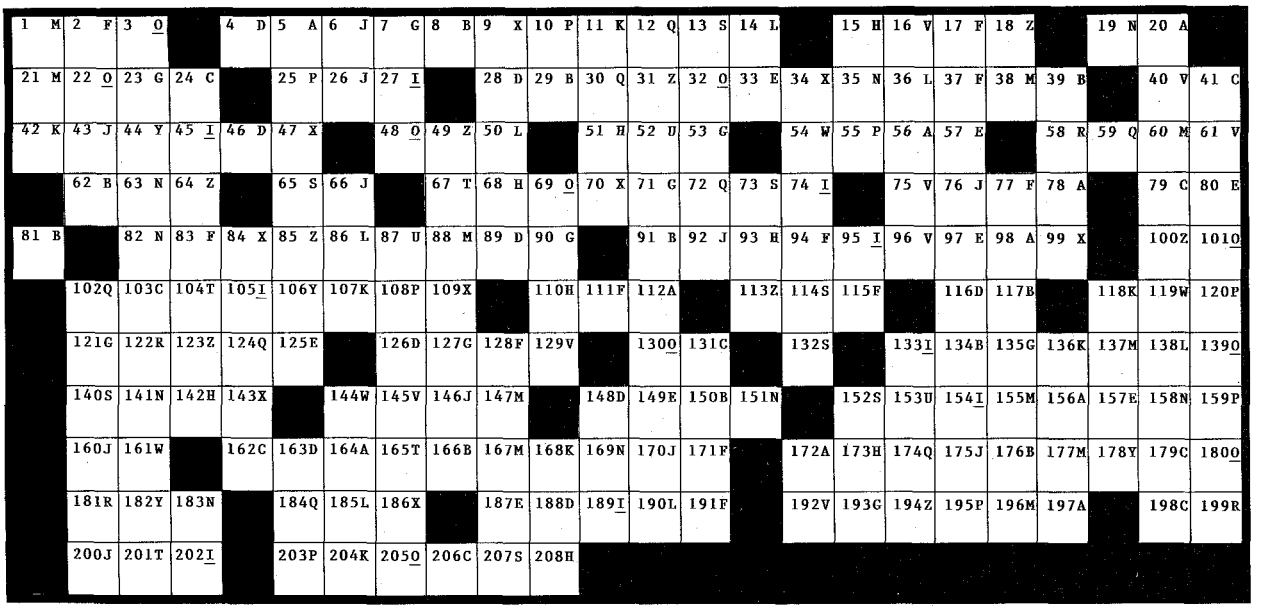

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D. J. K. Galbraith, ostensibly — 163 28 188 46 116 148 4 89 126

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G. Cabaña — 135 23 90 127 193 121 71 7 53

H. Like racist remarks — 110 142 15 208 51 93 68 173

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Z. Tumbleweed's milieu — 85 123 194 31 100 18 49 113 64

DIRECTIONS

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HESTON

(Continued from page 37)

was your concern for the rights of artists then, sir? Rape is a terrible crime. So is murder, Mr. Levin.

Let's take a close look at what *Body Count* really is. You may have read the only quote from the lyrics of "Cop Killer" published so far: "I got my 12-gauge sawed-off; I'm 'bout to bust some shots off; I'm 'bout to dust some cops off." Well, you can handle that, right?

Let me give you a taste of what they can't publish, though Time-Warner did, in this booklet they enclose with the *Body Count* CD. The song goes on: "I got my brain on hype—tonight'll be your night. Die, die, die pig, die. F--k the police! I know your family's grievin'. F--k 'em!" Catchy little number, isn't it?

Mr. Levin, you say, "Well, that's just fantasy. He never murdered a police officer." Jews and homosexuals are also often attacked, though of course not as frequently as police officers. Let me ask you: If that song were titled "Fag Killer," or if the lyrics went, "Die, die, die kike, die," would you still sell it? It's often been said that if Adolf Hitler came back with a hot movie synopsis, every studio in town would be after it. Would Warner's be among them?

I know, ladies and gentlemen, this is painful. As the dentist says, "Just one more time, it'll hurt a bit, then we're through. Ready?" There's another song on this CD, called "KKK Bitch." It's about girls in a Southern town the *Body Count* group visited. Here's a taste of the lyrics: "I love my KKK bitch, love it when she s---s me. I love my KKK bitch, love it when she f---s me. I love my KKK bitch, she loves it when I treat her bad, you know what I'm sayin'. So we was down South . . . fallin' in love. D-Roc had this Nazi girl, my man Mooseman had a skinhead . . . I fell in love with Tipper Gore's two 12-year-old nieces. It was *wild*, it got even worse. She pushed her butt up against my d--k . . . my d--k got hard, entered in her a-s. She said, 'O, my God!' So what we really tryin' to say is *Body Count* loves everybody . . . Mexican, black, Oriental girls, it really don't matter. If you from Mars and you got a p---y, we will f--k you."

There, I'm through now. This is the material Time-Warner is defending. Not out of principle, but out of greed. Mr. Levin, I ask you to stop selling *Body Count.* Donate the money you have made from it to the families of murdered police officers. In the name of decency, sir. And one more thing, Mr. Levin. The next time a police officer is murdered, would you please go to the bereaved family, look them in the eye, and repeat to them what you have said for the record: " 'Cop Killer' doesn't incite murder, any more than 'Frankie and Johnny' does. It's just a song." □

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St. Crispin's Day For the Dems

NEW YORK, JULY 17

Having stabilized American politics and opened the way for change, H. Ross Perot decided after all not to bother running for President.

People are understandably asking themselves, What did it to him? Could it have been the loss of eight or ten points in the polls? Might it be that, all along, he had what the investment types call a "stop-loss" figure in mind—if the polls show him going down below 30, the broker is commanded to SELL!—to stop the loss?

But how would H. Ross Perot measure a loss? We know that Ed Rollins quit after Perot fired the Los Angeles advertising agency—not because he wasn't satisfied with its TV spots, but because, when he looked at the cost, evidently he turned white. It was one thing to talk grandly on the Larry King show about his willingness to put up $100 million & himself if "the people" put him on the ballot in all fifty states. The people got busy, volunteering hours of work representing a portion of their portfolio much greater than $100 million is to Perot's. But what happened is very simply that he lost heart. Heart here defined as a willingness to run the whole campaign even if it cost him about 30 per cent of his annual revenue.

The notion that he brought on change is not easy to sell. They speak of a Democratic Party transformed, but about the only sign of that transformation is that the Soviet Union is no longer there for Democratic presidential candidates to surrender to; and that pleasant words are spoken by Democrats about a balanced budget and about the free market. But a study of the Democratic Platform shows that President Clinton would balance the budget by paying for abortions, expanding child care, increasing taxes on the wealthy (and therefore diminishing revenues from them), speeding up civil-rights protection for homosexuals, promulgating universal medical insurance, requiring unpaid leave for workers during family emergencies, indexing the minimum wage, renewing the infrastructure, and demobilizing all those military units that aren't absolutely needed to protect the spotted owl.

There are those of us who early on thought Mr. Perot a gentleman of unmobilized moral, intellectual, and political abilities, and we were right.

The Democrats were in a high mood. Mr. Gore is not above cheerleader tactics (as in his anaphoric, "It is time for them to go!" repeated over and over until it is transformed into a liturgical chant). And he is undisturbed by history (the Republicans were guided by their desire "to enrich the few," he says, referring to acts of Congress in 1978, 1981, and 1986 that were backed by every Democrat in the relevant congressional committees, and voted for by such as Teddy Kennedy). His final appeal is excused on the grounds of hyperbole; but really, he did overdo it when he told the Convention that in America two hundred years from now the people would look back on the election in 1992 as decisive to its happy/unhappy estate. Henry V told his soldiers that if they won the battle of Agincourt the next day, they would become a "happy few, we band of brothers; / For he today that sheds his blood with me / Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile / This day shall gentle his condition: / And gentlemen in England now a-bed / Shall think themselves accursed they were not here, / And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks / That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day." You can talk like that to soldiers on the eve of a battle, or for that matter to football players on the eve of the Super Bowl, but it is hard to make the point to 125 million voters, especially if 115 million of them aren't even tuning in, and two hundred years from now they are unlikely to remember 1992 as the year that housing starts slipped by 3 per cent.

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But in terms of political theater, he was the highlight of the evening, Mr. Clinton the most awful disappointment. That frozen smile! It even accompanies his descriptions of his Tobacco Road childhood. I swear, if Patricia Schroeder, with her perpetual smile, had stood by him that night for five minutes, the television screens would have blown.

Well, all they have to do is to win the election to give America documentary proof that it is mostly windbaggery. □

In Search of Sleaze

NEW YORK, JULY 15

To judge from Democratic practice, the anti-sleaze campaign is not a bilateral commitment. This is not a bilateral commitment, understand.

—On Tuesday it was revealed that somebody or another, who is identified only as "an independent Republican," has been making inquiries about a young woman who died in 1977. The gist of the accusation is that the Republican is suggesting that the young woman's death is somehow the responsibility of Bill Clinton. At least, we are left to conjecture something of the sort—otherwise there is no point in the story. Now when this investigation was brought to the attention of the Republican campaign committee, the White House instantly disavowed the Republican investigator and denied any knowledge of the investigation. But, questioned by a reporter, a member of the girl's family suggested that it was obvious that George Bush had the authority to put an end to the investigation and simply elects not to do so. Therefore: He is sleazy.

—Senator Tom Harkin gave a speech in which he referred a half-dozen times to "George Herbert Hoover Bush." The thesis of that speech is that President Bush does not care for all those men and women who are seeking employment. It is hard to imagine a President who is happy when unemployment increases. What is his motive in welcoming such news? Simple: Misanthropy.

—President Bush cares about the environment? How can you say such a thing? Yes, he did sign the Clean Air Act, and yes, an estimated $800 billion

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has been spent on environmental pursuits since 1980, and yes, a trillion more will be spent before the end of the century. But Al Gore says that to suggest that Mr. Bush is an environmentalist is "as phony as a $3 bill." Sheer hypocrisy.

—But the all-time high was reached by two speakers, the first with AIDS, the second HIV positive.

The first told the Convention: "If George Bush wins, we are all at risk in America. We have watched our friends and lovers die. . . . We are your sons and daughters, Mr. President. We are dying and you are doing nothing about it. We must vote as if our life depended on it. Mine does, and yours could."

Pretty eloquent, but he was outdone by the mother who is HIV positive, with a son and daughter to whom she transmitted the disease, contracted from contaminated blood. The daughter is already dead. "I started out just a mom, but I learned how unfair America could be today. America has lost her past and is at risk of losing her soul. . . . This is not the America we were raised to be proud of. When anyone tells President Bush that AIDS is underfunded, he juggles the numbers to say we're spending twice as much as we actually are. Meanwhile people are dying. A thousand points of light is not enough. My house has been dark for too long. Men and women of all colors are saying: Take America back!"

What can one make of such statements as these? Nothing less than that George Bush is indifferent to the fight against AIDS. But columnist Ray Kerrison put it in perspective: "Cancer, which will kill more than 500,000 Americans this year, will get $1.9 billion for research. AIDS will kill about 50,000 (or one-tenth the cancer toll), yet it will get $1.1 billion in federal research funding. Heart disease will kill more than 700,000, yet it will get only $730 million in research. Alzheimer's disease will kill twice as many as AIDS, yet receive only one-fourth the funding . . ."

We have here, in the tragic framework of an eloquent woman who will not go gladly into the night, an appeal to the President of the kind one would expect to hear in a church or synagogue directed to non-political authorities. There is zero reason to believe that if every scientist in America concentrated on AIDS a cure for it could be found in time to prevent the death of the speaker and her son. George Bush is not Louis Pasteur, nor is he the mediatrix at Lourdes. But the political point is unmistakable: He doesn't care. That is the message these . . . sick people are sending.

Jimmy Carter began the evening by saying calmly that in political campaigns, "both sides are using demagoguery at the expense of the other party." Sleaze is sleaze even if practiced by Democrats; even if practiced by wretched human beings condemned however unfairly to die. □

Come Out Fighting

NEW YORK, JULY 13

The Democratic bigwigs had a mixed weekend, buoyed to be sure by the surge in the polls (all conventions cause poll-surges) but running into questions with which they will have problems in the weeks ahead. Come visit with me three experiences with Al Gore. (Al Gore. Bill Clinton. After two generations of hard effort, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and I have found something in common. Why are people afraid to use "Jr."? and why afraid to use Whole Names, e.g., Albert, William? Do they think they are aping royalty by doing so?)

I paraphrase:

—Senator (asked Sam Donaldson), the Democratic Party is pledged to a comprehensive health plan. But you voted when a member of the House of Representatives against federal funding for abortions. Will a comprehensive health plan include funding for abortions?

Well, a comprehensive health plan has to be comprehensive, and so it has to include everything, it seems to me.

—Well, how come you voted against federal funding for abortions when you were a congressman?

There is a difference, you see, between a comprehensive health plan and a non-comprehensive health plan.

(Mr. Donaldson did not press his advantage. Gore's motives, back when he was a congressman, were clearly moral—he wasn't voting against federal funding to save money, money-saving not being Mr. Gore's specialty. So what brought on the moral enthusiasm for abortions, all of a sudden?)

—Senator (asked George Will), it is widely accepted that the Willie Horton ads used in 1988 were implicitly racist. But the first person to mention Willie Horton was you, in the primary contest against Michael Dukakis. Is what you did implicitly racist?

I never used the words "Willie Horton" during the primary.

—No, but the quarrel wasn't over Willie Horton, it was over the furlough policy of Governor Dukakis, and all the Republicans did was pick up your generic criticism and attach it to the record of one murderer.

Well, a lot of publicity was given to the stereotype of the black as a murderer . . . But maybe Bush wasn't personally responsible for that, maybe it was an independent Republican committee, I'll leave that question open.

(Nice try, the display of generosity. But Willie Horton as Democratic Wailing Wall isn't going to work very well from now on.)

—Senator, Governor Clinton has announced that when he appoints someone to the Supreme Court he will make certain that that person sympathizes with *Roe* v. *Wade*. But in 1984, when Ronald Reagan said he would appoint to the Court only lawyers who were sympathetic with original intent, he was denounced for having a "litmus" test. Hasn't Bill Clinton just announced a litmus test?

Well, you have to take the whole picture into consideration, George. It is a very tangled question because as the Supreme Court said last week, what you have to worry about also is the credibility of the Court . . . Certainly Reagan and Bush have done the same thing.

—That's hard to understand, since it was three Reagan–Bush appointees—O'Connor, Souter, and Kennedy—who just finished revalidating *Roe* v. *Wade*.

Well, questions of that kind aren't vice-presidential decisions, George.

(No, but vice-presidential candidates have to endorse every blip by the #1 man. And the politicization of the Supreme Court is now Democratic dogma.)

And that night, the patron saint, Mario Cuomo: the man who disdained a fight for the Presidency but won't let you forget that he is the primary Democrat in the land.

—Are you saying (asked Larry King) that this country is heading for the rocks?

I am saying exactly that. Ten years of Reagan–Bush accomplished nothing except to make rich people richer. And did they invest their money in America? No, they went and bought castles in Spain.

(We had the longest postwar boom under Reagan, employed 18 million more Americans, and increased by 32 per cent our GNP. Meanwhile, Governor Cuomo increased taxes, increased unemployment, and reached a per-capita cost of government 26 per cent higher than the discredited Governor Dukakis.)

They want to fight "only on the issues." The Republicans should be ready. No more talk about Willie Horton, no more talk about rich people. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Of Hope and Anger

I KEEP UP up to date with television based upon what the young children of my friends tell me. From them I've learned that non-prescription medications are now available for the treatment of hemorrhoids, vaginal yeast, constipation, diarrhea, and morning breath. "What about for anger?" I asked one of them. All I got in response was a vacuous, cross-eyed stare.

From what I've read in the press, more Americans are suffering from anger than from all the other above-mentioned maladies put together. Yet no cure seems near at hand. What research is being conducted in the labs? Extraordinary amounts of federal money have already been spent to salve the problem. Undoubtedly, we've applied it in the wrong places.

In general terms, anger is an emotional reaction of hostility and tension induced by frustration of a desire or a goal. Internally, it causes a feeling of resentment, not always against the true source of the problem. Wrath results when anger causes us to respond aggressively and with external effects. Cardinal Manning considered anger to be "the executive power of justice." In the late 1950s, British playwright John Osborne was asked why he and his group of highly creative friends were called the "Angry Young Men." His answer was: "To be angry is to care."

A good rule of thumb is, "When in doubt, turn to Aristotle." If he had nothing to say on a particular subject, it can't be that important. Concerning anger, he wrote: "For those who do not show anger at things that ought to arouse anger are regarded as fools; so, too, if they do not show anger in the right way, at the right time, or at the right person. . . . it is not easy to determine in what manner, with what person, on what occasion, and for how long a time one ought to be angry" (Nic. Eth. IV, 5). He also wrote that "Complaisance is the characteristic of a slave."

First, then, we must correctly identify the source of our anger, perhaps the most difficult task of all. Today, we are only too familiar with anger converted to wrath against the wrong persons. "Rap" music is one very obvious example. The police did not cause the problems in our cities; they are not responsible for the deplorable state of public education or for the lack of employment opportunities. Misdirected anger, though at first sweet, "bitterly ere long back on itself recoils."

Anger over those who control our political system is nothing new. Walt Whitman, that gentle soul, became intensely displeased over the "bats and night-bogs askant in the Capitol" (his description of congressmen) and over "large masses of men following the lead of those who do not believe in men." Bergen Evans observed that "Legislators who are of even average intelligence stand out among their colleagues," for "Leadership is more likely to be assumed by the aggressive than by the able."

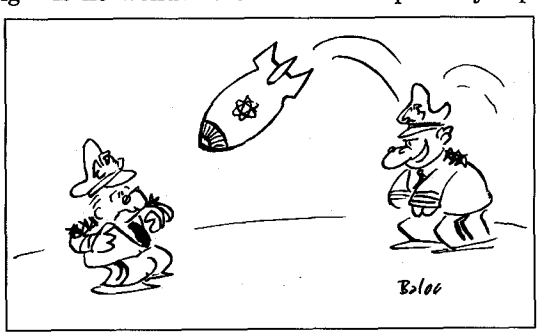
The available sources for our anger seem endless. Jerry Brown's irrational pronouncement that "everyone should be a registered voter"; the daily statements of unelected President Marlin Fitzwater, for which there is no accountability; the scandals involving savings-and-loan institutions, stock-brokerage firms, banks, and medical-care providers; just to name a few. It is no wonder that we are desperately confused and often strike out blindly.

As pre-school children, we expressed our anger by kicking, spitting, and biting. As adults, we are generally less physical and therefore vent our frustrations by arguing, cursing, complaining, assassinating character, and sometimes by drinking too much. Though healthier than bottling up responses, such overt expressions are always unproductive. Our extremely difficult task is to determine how our anger and our wrath may be utilized in the right ways, at the right times, and against the right adversaries.

HOW CAN we set realistic goals so that our anger might achieve positive results? And how can our answers to that question seem worthy of belief when so many worthwhile goals have been corrupted into meaningless pap? Surely we already know that we must strive to elect people to public office who will do more than follow ahead of us in their limousines. Unfortunately, the problem is far more difficult than electing qualified people to public office, assuming such people would actually run. We continue to ignore the necessary qualifications for those who elect, as if no such requirements are needed. Unqualified voters do not elect qualified public officials. If we are led by our noses as asses, that is our fault. If we remain prey to the insolent flattery, false promises, and divisive tactics of demagogues, that is our fault. As long as we remain uneducated and uninformed, we will be "Apes in Hell" manipulated and controlled by men who do not believe in men.

We have been told that "education is the key" to the point where those words have lost any meaning. At the same time, we know that the fate of any nation depends upon the education of its youth. Yes, we are angry because, deep down, we know that our political system, carelessly referred to as a democracy, has not provided an educational system upon which either democratic or republican principles can be nurtured. But sadly, we have forgotten how to labor and how to wait. The needs of which we speak cannot be instantly gratified, and, without that knowledge, there can be no reasonable basis for hope. Anger without hope is like hunger without sustenance.

—BEN C. TOLEDANO



"Hey, Ferguson—think fast!"

Mr. Toldeano is a lawyer practicing in Louisiana and Mississippi.

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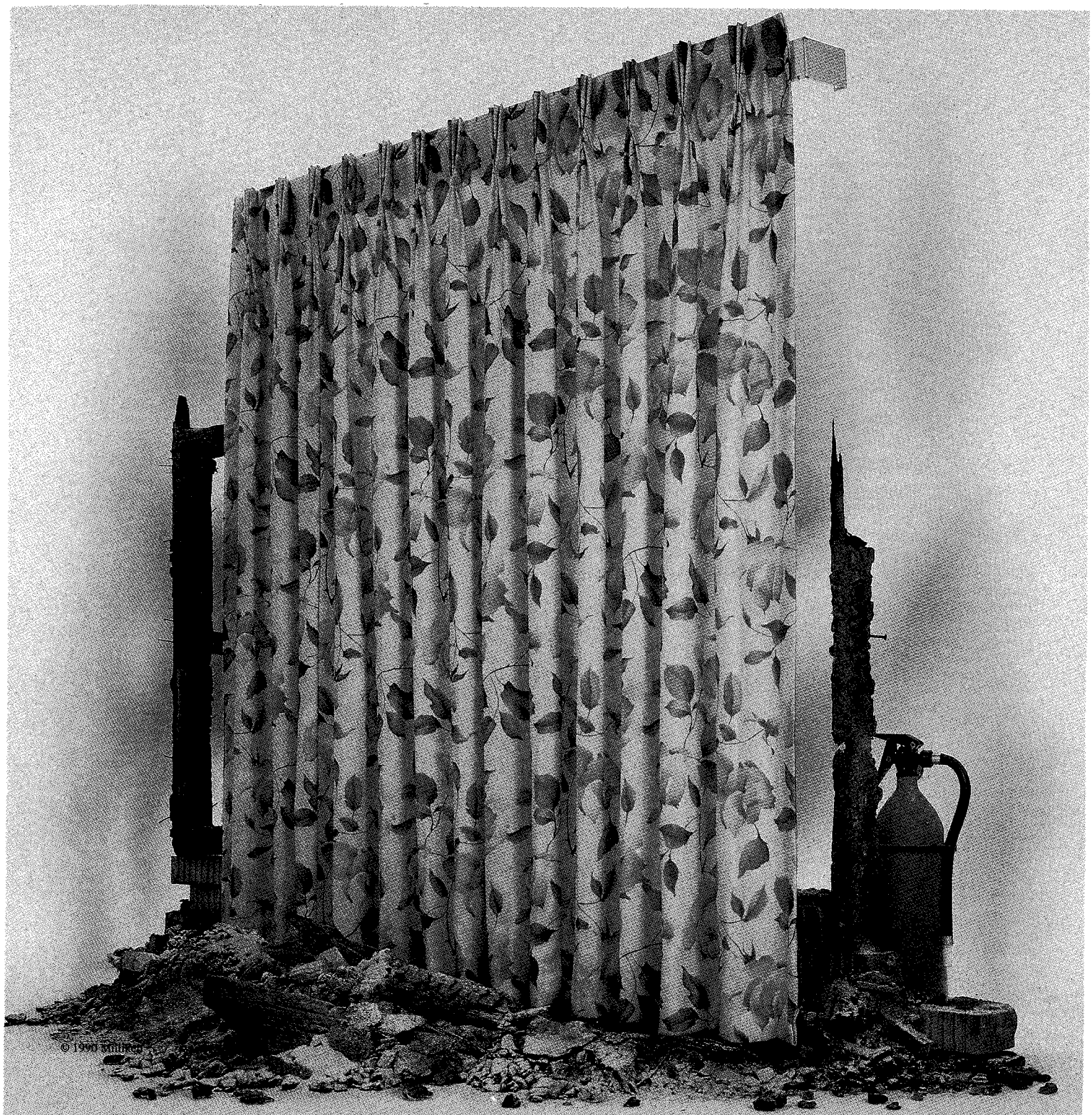

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Can we arrest the disease that robs people of their minds?

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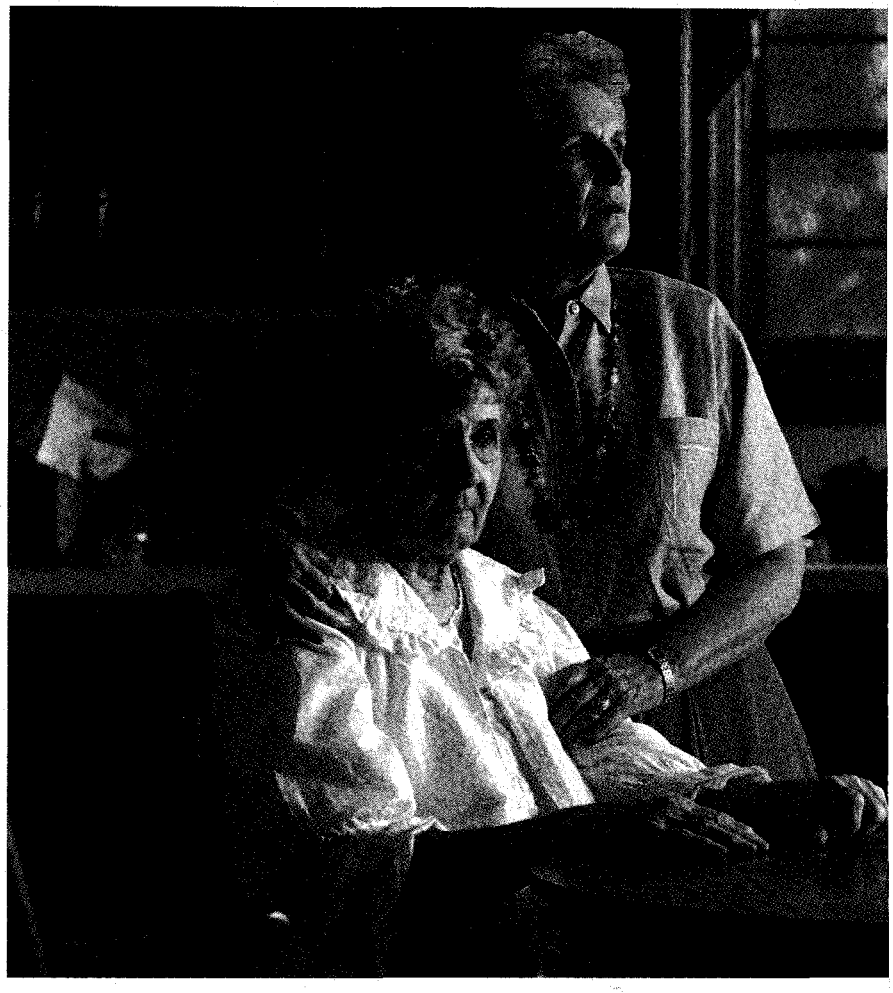

Over 4 million people suffer from it, and nearly half of all nursing home patients are its victims.

It's Alzheimer's, the disease that steals a person's mind, dignity and independence, and exacts costs of over $88 billion a year for institutional and home care.

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